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WHAT OFFENSIVE AGAINST THE AXIS?

Mr. Churchill did not mean that Britain was likely to be invaded at the beginning of September; that would only be possible if the Russians, instead of increasing their resistance, were already defeated. He was merely discouraging silly optimism and warning us to keep on our toes. But the best way of doing that would have been to tell us more about Britain's collaboration with the U.S.S.R. which is to-day the dominant question in the minds of almost everyone. If the U.S.S.R. is defeated, no one can see how Hitler can be beaten; if Russia can continue to hold Germany or perhaps even take the offensive, Hitler's downfall becomes a calculable probability. Though the position remains obscure on this battlefield, vaster and more terrible than any in human history, the public sees clearly that the German communiqués express Nazi disappointment and even alarm, that Russia, so far from having used up her reserves, is in fact able to carry out local counter-attacks, that the devotion of the Russian soldiers and peasants to the Soviet fatherland is limitless, that Russian propaganda is superb and properly directed to the common people of Europe and that the Whitehall view that a Workers' Republic must collapse when attacked have been completely disproved by events. Yet the issue is still altogether uncertain; it may hang on British action. We wish that Mr. Churchill could have said more to counter the propaganda of Dr. Goebbels, who, mindful of his success in dividing France from Britain in 1940, is now attempting to persuade Moscow and all the rest of the world that Britain always stands by while her allies are destroyed. Mr. Churchill who, we are certain, is ready for any promising initiative, could have reassured us that the reason for inaction is not that the War Office was so sure that Russia would be defeated in six weeks that it has no plans ready for action on the West. We believe that plans of various kinds exist; if raids are not technically possible now while the vast bulk of Germany's armies are locked in the East, her air power in the West is limited and her available pilots second-rate (as the recent and inefficient reprisal raid on London showed), in what circumstances could this country take the offensive? Further, are there no other expeditions, apart from invasion of the West, which would help Russia? The visit of Mr. Hopkins to Moscow confirms the promise that material aid to Russia will not be lacking.

We must force Germany to fight on two fronts. Hitler is urging the Japanese to create a second front against Russia. Tokio has done no more than make some railway and troop movements in Manchuria, and is unlikely now to run the risks of conflict with the huge air and land forces that Russia maintains as a separate war machine in the East. Presumably it is only if Stalin were forced to transfer part of these forces to the West that Japan would invite the attention of the Soviet air force over Tokio. Japan sees what she regards as a safer game. Her occupation of Indo-China and threats to Thailand are to be interpreted as the advance that seems most strategically useful and least likely to involve her in further war. From air and sea bases in Indo-China Japan may hope to bomb the Burma Road and perhaps land air troops there; she is also well situated for an attack on Singapore and the Dutch East Indies when she regards the moment as ripe. The economic measures at once taken by Britain and the U.S.A. in reply to this threat seem to have surprised Tokio; but Japan may have gained some comfort from an ominous article in the *Times* that suggests, in spite of the freezing of credit and the embargo, that Japan may expect, if she does not go too far, that some licences may still be granted to exporters of oil and other useful cargoes from the U.S.A. and the British Empire. Though Mr. Sumner Welles and Mr. Eden have rebutted the charge that there is still any suggestion of appeasing Japan, the fact is that American isolationists, who fear that participation in the European war may be the result of coercing Japan, are in fact doing their best to prevent an imposition of sanctions that would provoke Japan to desperate lengths. In short, the screw has been turned; but a chance is still left open, as Mr. Eden says, for Japan to "reflect." We do not believe that Japan will reflect, any more than we expected Mussolini to reflect before he came into the war, or than Franco will be able to reflect when the moment comes for Germany to act in Spain. It is true, however, that

neither Mussolini nor Franco have ever been in a position to refuse anything to Hitler, while Japan can pursue her own interests. The question now is whether reflection is likely to suggest caution. In 1939 America supplied 66 per cent. of Japan's oil, and 91 per cent. of her scrap iron and 92 per cent. of her copper, while the whole of Japan's supply of mica and asbestos and the bulk of her nickel, tin, aluminium and lead came from the British Empire. Though some of these figures were decreased by restrictions of licences in 1940, Japan has been able to build up formidable reserves. By the trade pact with Indo-China on May 6th, 1941, Indo-China became for effective purposes a Japanese protectorate. If Japan has now decided, in spite of this favourable position, to move on to actual occupation, the reason must be that Tokio is satisfied that Big Business, which has been supplying oil in such large quantities in spite of the avowed friendship of America and Britain for China, will still prevent America and Britain making their embargo complete and that actual war with the Western democracies can still be staved off while a new and dangerous attack is made on China and stronger positions occupied for the war in the South Pacific, which Japan has for years planned and publicised. By all means let Mr. Eden warn the Japanese to "reflect," but they will only be deterred, if at all, by absolute certainty that there are no loopholes and that to continue aggression will mean disaster. Just as we urge that now is the moment to make good our alliance with the U.S.S.R. in every possible way, so we urge that China is part of the democratic bloc and that she should be left in no doubt about American or British intentions to support China to the full.

The Soviet-Polish Agreement

The Soviet-Polish pact of friendship is the satisfactory outcome of a month's negotiations. It is a practical document which recognises the immediate necessity of combining against the Nazis, leaving to a later date complex problems of frontiers and population which could never be settled in existing circumstances. Russia agrees that the territorial changes in Poland arranged in the Soviet-German treaties of 1939 are no longer valid, but makes no statement that in any way commits the U.S.S.R. to acceptance of the pre-war Polish frontier. Russia was willing to recognise a Polish National State, but not in words that would have implied the restoration of the old frontiers; and therefore the matter was left in abeyance by mutual consent. The two countries agree to help each other against Germany and to exchange diplomatic representatives. The Russian Government has agreed to grant an amnesty to all Polish citizens now detained on Soviet territory. This is as it should be, and no one will complain if the Protocol, which announces this decision, is somewhat oddly worded. Polish citizens detained on Soviet territory "either as prisoners of war or on other sufficient grounds" will be released. (Logically it seems to follow that any who have been improperly detained will not be released!) Of great practical importance is the clause that arranges for the formation on U.S.S.R. territory of a Polish Army; in this, no doubt many of the political and other Polish prisoners in Russia will have the chance to serve. The commander of this army will be a Pole appointed by the Polish Government in agreement with the Soviet Government; under present circumstances this Polish command will necessarily be subordinate "in an operational sense" to the supreme Command of the U.S.S.R.

The Home Front (*by an Industrial Correspondent*)

In a way the attitude of most critics in the Production debate was as superficial and charged with symbolical mysticism as that of the Government. The formal organisation of the Ministries is not the basic problem. We can have a Minister of War Production, a Munitions or Economic Co-ordination, or what you will. As long as a spirit of "non-possumus" remains, as long as we do not reorganise the productive system we shall get no results. We are trying to run a private individualist system without the industrialist incentives. We are compelling in a lopsided manner. We refuse compensation and a State guarantee of risks. We discourage the rank and file of unskilled labour by freezing a peacetime wage-structure and then are astonished that the system does not work at 100 per cent. efficiency. It is the *policy* and the *economic organisation* that counts, and as long as this is not comprehended we shall continue to have futile and irrelevant debates. No statistical tricks will succeed in eradicating the growing conviction of an increasing mass of people that not all available productive force is used, and part of what is used is misdirected.

* * *

The vigorous defence by Mr. Bevin of his tenure of the Ministry of Labour was a great Parliamentary and oratorical success; it reinforced our view that given the necessary powers Mr. Bevin would be the right man for Minister of Production. But his exposition of the White Paper shows that a final deadlock has been reached in the question of wages policy not merely between the Government and the T.U.C., but also within the Cabinet. His analysis that wages *follow* prices is correct. But that does not mean that wage increases do not increase prices further. Inflation in 1917 was not the result of labour troubles. Mr. Bevin has not had full powers to reorganise *supply* as contrasted with *labour supply*. But if in organising labour supplies on the lines he is now forced to adopt he had insisted last year for other Ministers to do their share, he could not have been resisted.

* * *

Public irritation about mal-distribution and high prices of unrationed food will hardly be allayed by Major Lloyd George's promise to Parliament that an undefined "comprehensive" scheme will some day be evolved. In last week's debate speaker after speaker emphasised the points that rationed foods alone do not constitute an adequate diet; that fixed prices without control of supplies in the unrationed field simply create black markets; that in many instances —notably that of fish—the profit-margins showed under price-fixing orders are excessive; and that, failing the limitation of individuals' total expenditure on food, rationing should at least be extended to additional groups of commodities, within which choice would be free. These suggestions for bringing some sort of order into the present anarchy of profiteering, boot-legging and artificial shortage are constructive, so far as they go; but no palliatives will succeed in curing the root of the trouble, which is that in conditions of general scarcity—a "seller's market"—Lord Woolton is striving misguidedly to preserve in food distribution the structure of private enterprise, whose influence is naturally and irresistibly in favour of maximum profit. If margins on one particular commodity are reduced by Order, the trade recoups itself promptly on another class of goods in which it deals. Controlled cooking-gooseberries lead to fabulously priced cherries, limited prices for codfish to unlimited profiteering in uncontrolled shell-fish, and so *ad infinitum*. Group-rationing might scotch but would not kill excessive prices. The only solution, both in the case of fish and the fruit and vegetable trades, is for the Government to become the sole buyer from the primary producer and to organise its own distribution, paying to such wholesalers and retailers as it engages for the purpose salaries appropriate to their work.

* * *

The coal situation remains deplorable. The basic trouble is not lack of transport, but actual underproduction. The causes are, first, the taking of too many men away from the mines, and secondly the attempt to keep the same number of mines going with a weakened labour force, instead of concentrating work on the most productive pits and seams. In effect, nothing has been done to organise the industry for war conditions. When the export markets collapsed last year, it was unthinkingly supposed that the danger was of a glut, rather than a shortage, of coal in the home market; and accordingly miners were taken for the Army and allowed to drift away into other occupations without any attempt to control the movement. Moreover, the coal industry continued to operate under the restrictive Act of 1930, with its quotas for each district and each pit; and nothing was done towards improving its organisation. Nor will much be done, as long as the coalowners are left to run the industry as they please. We do not know how much of the blame rests on Mr. Grenfell or the Mines Department, for this department is not a policy-making body, but a branch of the Board of Trade. What we do know is that there ought to be a proper Mines Department, under a strong Minister, and that the mines ought to be nationalised. Then it would be possible to concentrate the available workers at the most productive points, to avoid wastes due to the treating of contiguous pits as entirely independent units, and to lay down a clear policy for the industry as a whole. Nothing short of that will clean up the mess, and even that cannot now rescue us from a serious coal shortage this winter.

The Battle of Production (*By a Parliamentary Correspondent*)

That the Prime Minister will not devolve any of his responsibilities if he can help it is confirmed by the production debate. His speech showed to a crowded House that in his opinion he cannot carry out his duties as Prime Minister unless he is Defence Minister, and he cannot carry out his duties as Defence Minister unless he is at the same time Minister of Munitions. In total war which involves all the activities of the whole community to an extent undreamed of even in the last war, the Prime Minister feels that he must shoulder the burden of ultimate control of all phases of the war effort. His lengthy speech was frigidly received. Apart from one occasion when he was vociferously applauded by the Labour benches for his defence of the workers, he was listened to in silence. He made no attempt to answer specific criticisms made during the course of the two days' debate, though he himself proposed this further debate in order to

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answer the criticisms which his Ministers were unable to answer effectively at the time.

The debate which followed showed that the House was not prepared to accept the Prime Minister's view that criticism of defects in our war effort were unhelpful. Wardlaw Milne in a highly critical speech stuck to his guns over his statement that our war effort was not more than 75 per cent. of the possible. He bluntly refused to accept the Prime Minister's view of the damage done abroad and considered his end had been achieved, which was to awaken the Government to shortcomings in production.

> Time is passing. It is a little sad that, after twenty-three months of war and three years or more since we started to rearm, we are still only directly fighting Hitler, though very effectively, in the air. Let us face the facts. I do not think for a moment that we lose caste anywhere in the world by facing them. . . . I do not want ever again to have the Prime Minister say in a similar kind of case, as he had to say in the case of Crete, that we could not hold it because we had not got the guns! Some of the reasons why we have not got them yet to the extent necessary are the very matters which the Prime Minister dismissed to-day as details.

Shinwell followed Wardlaw Milne with a speech that pleased everyone. Hitherto he has not indulged in humour. On this occasion he made the House laugh twice. Once when he described how all Duncan's plans at the Ministry of Supply had only succeeded in producing Lord Beaverbrook, and again when he suggested that the Prime Minister could have selected somebody from his *entourage* to fill the Board of Trade without arousing additional comment. "Vic Oliver," shouted a back-bencher. "No," said Shinwell; "he has not got the required Christian qualities." The Front Bench and the whole House rocked with laughter.

Shinwell bluntly asked why we were not doing more to help Russia. Our air attacks would have been made on Germany anyhow. The Prime Minister above all men would desire to go to the assistance of our Allies. "Why is he so reluctant? Surely the answer is that he has everything but the means." Perhaps the most significant passage in his speech was that in which he linked up the Prime Minister's reference to invasion with help to Russia.

> It may be urged that we have to conserve our resources because of the possibility of invasion, but the Prime Minister does not rely for final victory on defence alone. He, more than any other man, is conscious of the need for attack if the enemy is to be brought to book. We did not enter this war simply for the purpose of defending this island. On the other hand, if we expect invasion, as the Prime Minister indicated in his speech to-day, and are conserving our resources for that event, why are we so prolific in our pledge of active support and so ready in promising assistance? If all we have in munitions barely suffices for the defence of these shores, with some provision for our Forces in the Near East, which itself is known to be inadequate in the event of large scale operations, why pretend that the production situation is satisfactory and show resentment in the teeth of criticism?

"WESTERN CIVILISATION"

MR. ATTLEE was right in saying that the Nazis are "too modest" when they declare themselves first enemies of pluto-democracy and then of Bolshevism. They are, he says, the enemies of humanity; because they believe in war as a good in itself; because they regard morality only as a useful feature in the character of weaklings which they can exploit; because, as Dr. Goebbels said, they intend to root out of the world all ideas of liberty, equality and brotherhood; because they will be satisfied with nothing less than world domination of the German race. Apart from Mussolini, a Renaissance adventurer whose bellicosity has never really been congenial to the Italian people, the only other country in which one hears language similar to the Nazis' is Japan. A study of modern Japanese doctrines shows a marked similarity with those of the Nazis. Ever since 1931 some of us have been reminding the democracies of the Tanaka Memorandum and of similar documents which announced Japan's intention of conquering the whole of Asia, and, indeed, in some cases, the whole of the world. It is only this week, when American and British interests are directly threatened by Japanese occupation of Indo-China, that the Western Democracies have decided to take economic action, which four years ago would have prevented Japanese expansion, and, incidentally, had the advantage of stopping a war in China, in which some 5,000,000 people have already died. But it is no use recalling the past; we merely note that the threat to the vast mineral and oil resources of Malay and Borneo has achieved what the attack upon China's life and happiness could not achieve. To-day, the two Powers, which in set terms announced their intention of destroying the entire heritage of western civilisation, are lined up against a combination of the British Empire, the United States, China and the U.S.S.R.

When we say that the Nazis have "declared war on western civilisation" we are not indulging in the usual clap-trap of war propaganda. By western civilisation—which is not at all synonymous with civilisation—we mean the rational and humanitarian tradition which was born in ancient Greece, and which, blended with Roman law and Christian ethics, forms the basis of our thought and sets the standard of our conduct. Frequently, of course, we are neither rational nor humanitarian, and our institutions are often a parody of the standards we proclaim. But the tradition which makes the State the servant and not the master of the individual, which asserts that the organisation of power is only justifiable in so far as it increases the happiness and well-being of the human race, which declares that truth is to be discovered by reason and that friendship is superior to hostility—this tradition means that in the countries which have absorbed it a progressively happier and more rational civilisation is possible. France, Britain, Italy and other countries which have accepted this heritage have, of course, all produced writers who have extolled instinct at the expense of reason and have preached at one time or another the advantage of "dynamism" over thought, of intolerance over tolerance, and of the worship of power for its own sake; but such figures are the exception in the Western Democracies and their ideas have seldom taken root. In Germany, as the National Socialists to-day themselves insist, a steady stream of German political philosophy has been in conscious antithesis to the tradition of western civilisation.

We publish this week a review by Mr. A. L. Rowse of a new book entitled *The Roots of National Socialism*, by Rohan d'O. Butler. In this book Mr. Butler traces a continuous German tradition which culminates in the Nazi movement. It is a powerful statement of a case. The explanation of the strength of this anti-rational, anti-Christian and anti-individualistic tradition in Germany is historical; we should recall that Germany was never Romanised; that German Protestantism, which with us developed the individual's rights against the State, was turned in the circumstances of the sixteenth century in Germany into a form of State religion, and that the peasants' revolt came too early and was crushed, with the result that instead of aiding Germany's development towards democracy, the Junkers were placed more firmly in the saddle. It would be interesting throughout this inquiry to investigate much more fully than Mr. Butler does the development of ideas in their economic and social background. When, for instance, he pillories the economic conceptions of List and other German protectionists, he forgets, in contrasting them with Adam Smith, that Free Trade appealed to Britain because Britain was a sea empire whose material interests were best served by the policy of the open door, while German economists were only, like British economists, who had themselves been mercantilists at an earlier stage, seeking for a rational theory on which to base the economic policy that would produce the greatest power for their own bourgoisie. We wish, too, at a time when the controversy about the nature of the German people is of the utmost political importance that Mr. Butler and Mr. Rowse had given more attention to those streams of thought in Germany which run counter to the dominant tradition of state absolutism and "collective feeling." We notice that Kant, Lessing, Goethe and Heine and the Liberal thinkers of Germany receive only passing reference in a period in which their influence was, on any showing, important, and in which German Liberalism, which seemed to have the upper hand in Germany in the middle of the century, was defeated by Prussia and the genius of Bismarck. Mr. Butler has a good deal to say about Wagner but does not mention Bach or Beethoven. There is no mention in this book of Wilhelm von Humboldt, who created the liberal educational system which was frustrated by military tradition, while there is no estimate of scholars like Dahlman, the Grimms, Max Weber and Ernst Troeltsch, whose influence has been immense in and out of Germany. German culture, as Mr. Butler would agree, is rich and varied; to isolate one stream even though it is for the time dominant is misleading. We believe, too, that a more balanced view would be obtained if Mr. Butler had included in his account of the *Kulturkampf* a fuller summary of the part played by Catholic and other religious figures in Germany. As long as the Papacy lasts, Catholicism may compromise with Fascism and be subverted to the needs of petty dictators, who see their interests in following Hitler, but it will remain a universal doctrine which must be opposed to the racialism and paganism of National Socialism. Finally, and from the point of view of world politics even more important to-day, Mr. Butler and Mr. Rowse seem to us to neglect the immense significance of Marxism in the thought of Germany. For Marx just as much as Darwin belongs to the western tradition; his whole conception was of democratic emancipation and his genius lay in applying scientific principles to social investigation. Marxism is an international and a rational creed which can never be reconciled with Axis philosophy.

The deductions that are likely to be drawn from such a book as Mr. Butler's are erroneous and dangerous. He does good service in sweeping away a sentimentalism which suggests that National Socialism and Democracy can live side by side. Mr. Rowse rightly says that the Left have frequently been sentimental on the subject of Germany—though he might well add that it is the Right which chiefly suffered from the illusions of appeasement. What we would emphasise is that the German tradition that runs counter to National Socialist philosophy also exists and is from our point of view, of the utmost importance. German liberalism has been weak; it may revive with German defeat. The churches in Germany have struggled, not without success, to keep alive a doctrine which will outlive National Socialism, while Marxism, which in various forms had a strong hold on the German workers, has been crushed but not destroyed by the barbarity of the concentration camp. In describing the events that led up to Hitler's power in Germany, Mr. Butler remarks that the German Socialist Democratic leaders, Otto Braun and Severing, "maintained a steady and democratic tradition." Quite so; there was in Germany a steady and democratic tradition and although it was defeated and proved powerless when Hitler used the economic breakdown and social chaos of Germany to destroy democracy, the working-class tradition has not been killed. During the few years of comparative prosperity immediately before the economic collapse of 1930 Republican Germany was a highly civilised and progressive society. In a word, there is a submerged Germany; the Germany of Goethe and Heine and Schiller; the Germany of Faulhauber and Niemöller, and a working-class Germany, which will yet have a vital part to play in a civilised Europe.

TWO BY TWO

BRITAIN and India. Hindu and Muslim. Amery and Linlithgow. Gandhi and Nehru. The Executive Council and the Defence Council. Consider them two by two in the light of the last two. For the last two mean something—possibly not more than the movement of a constipated dinosaur, but still something, bad or good, progressive or retrograde, which English people, who bear the responsibility for four hundred million Indians, should consider—and consider not less than Boeing bombers or Home Guard exercises.

It is extremely difficult to be dispassionate, extremely difficult to be simple, about India. What is, in a nutshell, the quarrel between Britain and India? Just this—that Indians want freedom just as much as we do. The same freedom, not too rigidly defined, that Churchill wants; freedom to govern themselves, to live their lives in their own way, which is diametrically opposed to the British way, to choose their own friends, allies or enemies. That is why we have flung Nehru and five thousand more into jail—not because they are enemies or Fifth Columnists, but simply because they want India's freedom to be one of the aims of war. The plea of the Congress Working Committee in September, 1939—almost completely withheld from the British public—will surely pass into history as one of the most eloquent, just, and moving passages in the English language; had we answered it in the generous tones of that liberty and self-determination which we profess to admire, Nehru to-day would be, not in jail, but leading with his tremendous fire an India united in our cause. Instead, we are employing a fractional number of India's population as magnificent mercenaries—ready to fight anybody without knowing why.

They, of course, are chiefly Muslims: sturdy stock of the Punjab and the North-West Frontier Province, fighters by race and nature, mercenaries of old time. Grand men. Britain has long depended on them, and, as the danger of war increased, so the importance—in British eyes—of Sir Sikander Hyat Khan, Premier of the Punjab, and Mr. Jinnah, President of the Muslim League, increased also in proportion to the valour and cannon fodder of which they disposed. And these gentlemen, not at all unnaturally, took advantage of their advantages to press against any democratic domination by a majority, the Hindus, which the Congress party, most unhappily, mainly represents. So the British Raj, being somewhat pressed for time, felt that it was better to have an army which would no more talk of freedom than disobey its British officers, than to parley with Nehru or discuss India's future. Nehru, together with a great many of India's ablest men and women, went to jail.

This isn't an altogether satisfactory position, particularly when you need not only an army, but also, and perhaps even more, money and industrial output, which also entails goodwill. Mr. Amery, when he became Secretary of State, had possibly unexampled opportunities of setting the whole disorder right. How? In a word, by conciliating the very real Nationalist demands of India. Of course, these may be discussed *ad infinitum* (as may be the position of the Czechs or Poles): innumerable red herrings may be exposed: here I will only suggest that the plea of some Members of Parliament that Mr. Amery should fly out to India was obviously right. Instead—and to blame Mr. Amery for anything except his failure to resign when confronted by the Churchill, Simon and Lloyd attitudes to India would probably be a mistake. Instead, there issued from the dinosaur, through Amery's lips, a loud and unimportant belch which left the situation exactly as before.

Obviously, something more had to be done. So Mr. Amery and Lord Linlithgow bore a child on July 22nd, 1941. Or perhaps a litter. The names in the White Paper—members of the Executive and Defence Council—can convey nothing whatsoever to 999 people out of a thousand in Britain—or America. Is it a bastard or legitimate litter? So long as Nehru, the friend of England and the true leader of young India, sits in a damp jail (the roof of which has lately fallen in), and is allowed to receive one letter a fortnight, I cannot help feeling that Indians ought not to accept responsible posts under the British Raj. I may be quite wrong, and I hope I am: the children of this litter may turn out healthy: their birth *may* be a step to freedom. One English newspaper actually announced "India for the Indians." Well. Let us consider the litter in detail.

Sir Homy Mody, as he is generally known, becomes Minister for Supply. Sir Homy is one of the most engaging characters I have ever met: one of the wittiest, as well as the most acute, business men of India: he is a Parsee—and, therefore, except in purely financial terms, quite unrepresentative of India: and a shrewd money-maker. Much as I like him, I find it funny even to suppose that Sir Homy, palatially ensconced at Bombay, has or could have any connection or sympathy with the common people of India.

I can scarcely say a word against Sir Akbar Hydari, since he has entertained me—alone—to dinner in his exquisite garden at Hyderabad, with mark you—thirty-four illuminated fountains playing round us, fascinating conversation, and a round of his picture collection afterwards. He flies about in his own plane, and boxes, so I'm told, every morning: all of which, in a man of his age, is striking. He is immensely likeable: he may represent the Moghuls (since, as part of a Muslim oligarchy, he ruled a Hindu state), but don't tell me that he represents India.

Both Raghavendra Rao and Firoz Khan Noon, who become Members of Civil Defence and Labour respectively, have the advantage or disadvantage of being, and having for some time been, in this country. Of the first I would only assume that he would be conscientious and unimaginative: and personally, if I were living in Delhi when the Hun reached Lahore, I'd prefer someone more lively. Of the second, I would like to say many mischievous, but not unkind, things: his is a potentially great task, as Member for Labour: and here again I am up against an enormously likeable personality, whose acceptance of the post seems to me curiously cynical. I wish him good luck: I wish he would visit Nehru in Dehra Dun jail.

Aney is a dark horse. To look after Indians overseas well is one of the greatest and most important services which could be rendered to India: good luck to him, if he shows strength of purpose and freedom from prejudice. Both are needed. Sir Sultan Ahmed, the new Member for Law, is a charming old gentleman exhumed once again for the British Raj, partly because he masks compliance with a most attractive and explosive display against bureaucracy, partly because the high Muslim ranks are thin. Nalini Sarkar is little known: perhaps his sudden translation from Finance to Education, Health and Lands (what a lot a Minister must learn!) is mainly due to the idea that it was expedient to include someone from Bengal.

I should like to give some anecdotes about the Defence Council, but the list is too long. Ambedkar, of course, represents the revolt or possible revolt of the Untouchables from the Hindu fold: any lever, even a war which they have nothing to do with, is welcome. The Premiers of Assam, Bengal, Sind and the Punjab are there, a fact to which Mr. Amery gave prominence: but do the English grasp the fact that these are the only Premiers existent, and that the very able Premiers of Madras, Bombay, the Central Provinces, the United Provinces, the North-West Frontier, Bihar and Orissa, have resigned for the same reason that Nehru was jailed? Put that way, can the Defence Council be termed "representative?" Of course it is nice to have the Maharajadhiraja of Darbhanga as a prop, since he reputedly has an income of £600,000; Sir Cowasjee Jehangir will help Sir Homy Mody to squeeze the rich but unrepresentative Parsee; a newspaper proprietor like Sir Jwala Prasad Srivastava will be a useful asset; and Sir Henry Gidney, leader of the

Eurasians, will have a tremendous opportunity of finding posts for a breed which, because it affects to despise Indians, can't always get them otherwise. And so on. Very nice men, but—representative of India?

What are the functions which the enlarged Executive Council and the new Defence Council will exercise? The White Paper and Mr. Amery's statement were very very coy about this. It would not seem that the Defence Council of 22 (representatives of the States have yet to be added) is to have a Chairman: but the question of a Chairman is a ticklish one. From Mr. Amery's replies to questions in the House we learn that (*a*) the Viceroy's power of veto remains unchanged and (*b*) the National Defence Council will be an "advisory body." Heigh-ho! I, as Controller of Broadcasting, had many "advisory bodies" in India; they never stopped me from doing anything I wanted, and, I fear I must confess, I generally ignored their advice. And if the Viceroy's power of veto remains, the Executive Council is not a Cabinet, but a collection of tame "advisers" to an autocrat.

I have written critically, because I feel critical of a measure about which, strange to say, I find it difficult sincerely to believe that, while Mr. Gandhi stands apart, and Nehru, with other distinguished men and women, stays in jail, this collection of advisers can "represent" India in any legitimate sense. But there is, of course, another side to the shield; Linlithgow and Amery have conceived *something*, which, if no more than the breaking of a deadlock, *may* contain the seeds of freedom: the question perhaps is, can it blossom in time? I doubt it, because I doubt whether the real India will accept these men: I can only hope that, if India's hour of trial comes soon, I may be mistaken. It is perhaps noteworthy that even Mr. Jayakar, lately retired from the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, moved a resolution at the Moderates Conference at Bombay on July 27 asking for "a clear definition of India's post-war status, including a declaration that, within a brief specific period after the end of the war, India would enjoy the same measure of freedom as Britain and the Dominions."

Last but not least, there is Gandhiji. I hesitate to write about him at all, because he—to me, anyway—stands so far above the tumult. I have argued the point of craven creatures like myself with him—"can we really be ruled by Hitler?"—and his reply has always been the same, that the way of non-violence is the right way, and that it matters little whether it takes a thousand or a billion years to find it. To Gandhi war is abomination, slavery not to be resisted by violence: and his view is as unchangeable as Christ's. Yet he, like Nehru, is a friend of Britain, a denouncer of German aggression. Though he himself must by his own convictions stand aloof, I dare to doubt whether he would have interfered with a struggle for India's independence. And when I think of an evening with Gandhi under the stars of Wardha, and of other evenings with Nehru in Delhi or Bombay, even the bulk of a Linlithgow, massing his "advisers" dwindles into a shadow before the stature of these two men, who could do so much, not only for India, but for Britain too.

LIONEL FIELDEN

PLANNING—FOR WHAT?

LORD Reith's declaration of the Government's policy for dealing with the issues raised in the first report of the Uthwatt Committee can be interpreted to suit different tastes. It can be taken, as the Government plainly wishes it to be taken, as the first instalment of a larger policy that is still to come, and as sufficient for the time being to still the clamour of town planners, region planners, and economic planners for an assurance that the days of unplanned urban and industrial development are at an end. Alternatively, it can be understood, as Lord Samuel understood it, as embodying the victory of departmentalism over the forces of social progress, and as setting up, not an embryonic Central Planning Authority, but an impotent confabulation of ministers, destined to achieve as little as the many similar confabulations which are supposed to co-ordinate action in this, that or the other sphere of wartime administration.

Of these two views, we have a feeling that Lord Samuel's is the nearer to the truth. It is indeed something to have an assurance, even though qualified, that compensation where land is taken over for public purposes of rebuilding and development will be on a basis of pre-war value as a maximum, and a further assurance that building and land utilisation will be under public control not only during but also for a period after the war. But it is much less reassuring to be told that the Government intends to exercise its control in the main through the machinery of the Town and Country Planning Act, and that in place of a National Planning Authority we are to be content for the present with a Council of Ministers under Lord Reith's chairmanship. Doubts deepen when we find that this Council includes, besides Lord Reith, only the Minister of Health and the Secretary for Scotland—or, in other words, that it includes nobody whose job it is to know about industry or transport or agriculture or indeed any of the major economic questions essential to the formulation of a successful plan. No doubt we are meant to be encouraged by the announcement that Lord Reith, as chairman of this curious Council, is to act not merely as a departmental minister, but as something more. But it is difficult to attach any clear meaning to this statement; and there is the further perplexity that Lord Reith is to work within the framework of plans laid by Mr. Greenwood, as the minister primarily responsible for the general formulation of reconstruction policy, but that neither Mr. Greenwood nor anyone representing his non-portfolio is to be either a member of the new Council of Ministers, or, apparently, in any relation to it. An attempt is made to conceal the oddity of this situation by declaring that Lord Reith and his Council are to be concerned only with the "physical" aspect of reconstruction. But how on earth can anyone plan the "physical" reconstruction of Great Britain without facing the larger issues of policy? Are Lord Reith and his colleagues to lay their building plans without reference to the conclusions of Mr. Greenwood about the sort of social set-up we are planning for? Or is Lord Reith, under the pretence of limiting himself to "physical" reconstruction, really meant to elbow out Mr. Greenwood altogether, and take vital decisions on social policy under the guise of a mere purveyor of bricks and mortar?

The truth, we fancy, is that upon none of the major issues has the Government yet begun to make up its mind. If it had, it could not possibly regard the existing town and regional planning committees as effective instruments for dealing with the problems of post-war planning, even in its initial stages. For there is no rhyme or reason about these bodies. Some of them cover wide areas, some only tiny districts: some have executive powers, within quite narrow limits, but many others are merely advisory. Only some parts of the country are covered at all; and in most cases staffs are quite inadequate, and plans have been put, where they even exist, into cold storage for the duration of the war. Moreover, the entire make-up of the existing machinery of town and regional planning is preventive rather than constructive. These committees of local authorities have some influence in preventing nuisances, and are so far valuable. But they have little or no constructive authority to plan the development of their areas—much less actually to carry plans of development into effect.

The Uthwatt Committee took as the basis of its recommendations the speedy creation of a Central Planning Authority; and the tone and substance of its references to this authority made it clear that the Committee envisaged it as endowed with real and wide constructive powers. Instead of such an authority the Government gives us a Council of Ministers; and the composition of this Council means that in effect its attitude will be that of the Ministry of Health (or in Scotland of the equivalent section of the Scottish Office). The Ministry of Health, however, even with the collaboration of "Works and Buildings," is plainly in no position to plan post-war Britain with any adequate knowledge either of the conditioning forces of economic change or of the broad framework of social organisation within which the "physical" reconstruction of Great Britain is to be carried through. If Mr. Greenwood is really the "Minister for Reconstruction," he, and not Lord Reith, ought to be at the head of any Central Planning Authority that is to be set up. If he is not, he ought to hand over his job to someone who will, in the War Cabinet, take the general responsibility for post-war planning. A solution which leaves Mr. Greenwood nominally responsible for reconstruction policy in the War Cabinet, but excludes him from the body put in charge of the sole practical step towards reconstruction that the Government has yet decided to take, is manifestly absurd.

Nevertheless, the Government's policy, as declared by Lord Reith, has its meritorious side. It is a real advance to have an official pronouncement that, in the areas seriously affected by bombing, there must be unified planning of "physical" reconstruction, and speculation in site values must be repressed and planless development prevented. It is a real advance to have the principle *caveat emptor* plainly announced in advance, and to be assured that the powers already in existence for preventing planless building are to be used so as to ensure conformity with communal needs. These principles are sound enough: the trouble lies in the weakness of the instruments proposed for giving them effect. The weakness is in fact almost precisely the same as that which

is continually manifested in connection with the war effort—the refusal to contemplate any major changes in departmental machinery, and the consequent refusal to establish any authority with real powers of interdepartmental co-ordination.

Let it be borne in mind that we have in this country no ministry primarily concerned with the major issues of industrial policy. War contracts are the affair of Supply, M.A.P. and the Admiralty, and also, in certain fields, of the War Office, the Air Ministry and the Ministry of Food. The Board of Trade is mainly concerned with foreign trade and certain public utilities; it is quite unequipped to become a Ministry of Economic Planning. The Ministries of Food and Agriculture pursue their divergent policies with no one to bring them to the pursuance of a common purpose. In economic affairs, there is no ordered planning, for either war or peace, because there is no-one with powers or terms of reference wide enough to plan. Accordingly, Lord Reith and his colleagues have to lay their plans for "physical" reconstruction quite in the dark about the purposes they are supposed to be planning for; and this means that their functions have to be conceived mainly in negatives—as the prevention of undesirable growths, and not as the promotion of a desirable post-war set-up for the population of Great Britain.

This is unavoidable, until the vital issues of social and economic policy have been squarely faced. Are we to plan for a restoration of syndicated capitalism, *à la* Chamberlain, or for some sort of Socialist economic regime? Are we to go back to the pre-war set-up of local government, with its absurd areas and its inhibiting restrictions on positive activity on the part of the local authorities; or are we to replan local government on a wider basis, with regional bodies empowered to make major decisions, administer services which need large areas for efficient supply, and override obsolete boundaries? Are we to assume the continuance of the pre-war class-system, social and economic, or to plan, quite differently, for a society in which the rich will have much less surplus and the poor be much less poor? These questions, and others of the same order, take precedence over questions of "physical" re-building; for the answers to them determine what sort of buildings we shall need. Are we to assume that after the war we shall resume our pre-war position in world trade and our pre-war dependence on imported foodstuffs and materials? Or should we plan for a much greater use both of native raw materials and of foodstuffs produced at home? These two are questions to which it is plainly beyond the power or competence of Lord Reith and his Council of Ministers to furnish any answers. Yet these are clearly the basic questions which have to be answered before any realistic policy, even of "physical" reconstruction, can be worked out.

The Government cannot answer these questions: it dare not answer them. It is founded on a compromise which forbids any attempt at an answer. That is what makes all major preparations for the post-war period look hopelessly unrealistic. In sum, Lord Reith can, with the new powers now conferred, or soon to be conferred, upon him and his colleagues, prevent certain things which ought, on any showing, to be prevented. Constructively plan they cannot, and are not meant to; for no one can plan constructively until he knows what he is planning *for*.

AN OCCASIONAL LONDONER'S DIARY

STANDING in the corridor of the most crowded G.W.R. train that ever inflicted misery on its passengers—which I endured in order that Critic might have three weeks' respite from diary-writing—I read with sympathy and admiration the pamphlet *Obedience to Conscience* which has just been published by the Society of Friends. Its subject is the extension of compulsion for industrial purposes, in particular for munitions production, for fire-watching and for civil defence. The Minister of Labour has said that for these purposes the principle of conscientious objection cannot be admitted. To admit it, he contended, would mean anarchy. The Friends' pamphlet challenges this contention. Its arguments seem to me to be completely convincing. It is, indeed, with a certain grim amusement that one observes the authorities being hoist with their own petard. How often, listening to the proceedings of tribunals, have I heard some ingenuous conscientious objector being forced with remorseless logic from rung to rung down the ladder of intellectual admission, until he fell off it altogether into a dialectical bog in which, flounder as he might, he found that he could no longer think of any reason why he should not join the R.A.M.C. or even register for combatant service. The arguments used were of the "If this, why not that?" variety, "If you will grow food to feed soldiers in order that they may live and fight, why won't you help to succour them in order that they may live when they are wounded? If you will succour them when they are wounded, why won't you assist in taking the necessary precautions to prevent them from being wounded, and so on . . .?" Those of us who learnt the dialectical ropes in the last war know very well that there is no logical stopping point between willingness to serve as a soldier and willingness to serve as a farm labourer.

* * *

And now the State finds itself on the same slippery slope. It has admitted and officially recognised conscientious objection to military service, that is to say, to activity which entails the killing of other human beings. It cannot logically object when a man demands the same right of conscientious objection against an order to help others to kill human beings, or to make the weapons with which human beings are killed, or to take a part in the functioning of the machine whose main purpose is to kill human beings. Hence it has no valid answer to the arguments urged in the Friends' pamphlet. The fact is that the State has never really understood the nature of conscientious objection. It is not so much an objection to do this thing or that, as an objection to the claim of the State to prescribe to a man what he shall and shall not do. It is an objection, therefore, to the State's claim to assume the function of the individual's conscience by making for the individual a decision which only he should make. It is in the refusal of the State to make this claim, or rather, in its willingness to admit objection to it, if it is made, that, I should have thought, the distinction between democracy and dictatorship is grounded. As the Friends rightly say, "the idea that this"—that is to say, the right of conscientious objection to industrial conscription—"endangers the State overlooks the fact that the democratic State can function only on a basis of tolerance, and that it runs far greater risks in overriding the convictions of minorities than in accepting them."

* * *

I hope William Whitebait will forgive me for poaching on his preserves to the extent of a few reflections on *Fantasia*, *Fantasia* being not only a work of art but a work of art in a new form and a challenge, therefore, to the interpretative curiosity of anybody whose reception of art rises above the level of the sponge and achieves a minimal activity of conscious, critical awareness. I have always maintained that first-rate music was meaningless in the sense that, coming to us from another world, it possessed no meaning that could be expressed in terms of this one. On the whole, the film bears this out. The better the music, the more boringly irrelevant the screen. As usual, the film is at its best when it tells a story—why, one wonders, won't people let it be content to do this, instead of trying to make it do things which painting and ballet can do much better? The upsetting exception to these generalisations is Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony music, which is played to a succession of scenes of great beauty inspired by Greek mythology. Here Disney is at his best; forgetting to be wild, extravagant, savage, terrific, horrifying, gothic, or even whimsical, he is for once content with beauty, and some of the scenes are beautiful indeed. (Is it merely an accident, one wonders, that the Greek scene is the best of the lot, or is it perhaps just another example of the Greek facility for getting, even in their mythology, a sum right, that their predecessors and successors have been engaged ever since in getting variously and sometimes horrifyingly wrong?) I shall go again to see the centaurs and centaurettes and the lovely gods and goddesses, but nothing would induce me to sit through the whole cartoon. It is too noisy, too lush, and too long by half. By the end of the film Disney has deprived himself of all power of emphasis by constant exaggeration. One leaves dazed and debauched by the orgy of colour and deafened by the row.

* * *

I wonder if the various amenity societies realise the golden opportunity with which the situation has, unasked, presented them, an opportunity that has never occurred before and will probably never occur again. It is well over a hundred years now since the process of rifling England's beauty got under way. The first Industrial Revolution began it and studded the North and the Midlands with the architectural horrors known as industrial towns, but nineteenth-century industry ate up a comparatively small tract of country and the devastation caused by the railways was inevitably canalised. The second industrial revolution, the revolution in cheap transport introduced by the internal combustion engine, has been infinitely more destructive. There seemed, indeed, no limit to the ability of its jerry-built houses, of its ribbon-developed roads, of the towns which it has so indefinitely extended, of the villas which it has placed on every hill-top, and the valleys which it has caused to break out into

the familiar red rash, to transform England from a land of beauty into a sprawling suburb studded with beauty spots. And now the process of suburbanisation has come suddenly to a stop. There are no bricks and concrete for villas and bungalows, while every available inch of ground is earmarked for the growing of food. In the interests of increasing our food supply the Minister of Agriculture has been invested with almost dictatorial powers. "No building here," he can say, or "Put that factory not here but there." For the first time, then, there is power in the land, real executive power, to stop the process of pollution. The power which the emergency has created in the interests of food production must be retained when the emergency has passed, in the interests of amenity. We do not want a countryside which is a mere food-producing factory any more than we want a countryside which is a museum piece complete with mummified farms, for the edification of townsmen and Americans. If there is to be sane and healthy living after the war, the countryside must be a going concern, providing a decent living for the countryman who works in it and offering rest and recreation to the townsman who visits it. The possibility of such a countryside entails the continuance of the protection of the farmer by the State; it also entails the establishment of national parks and access to the wild places and the coast for the townsman. Above all, it entails the continued exercise of power to protect the land from unplanned building. We need, then, a Ministry of Amenities after the war to which the restrictive powers now exercised by the Ministry of Agriculture can be transferred, and now is the time for the amenity societies to see that we get it.

* * *

Among the familiar Hampstead Heath preparations for Bank Holiday there is this year a "hot novelty." One of the horses on the roundabout which has stood all the winter in the Vale of Health has lost her tail. Entering through the orifice a swarm of bees have taken up their habitation in the belly of the horse. Their presence was first made known to a young woman who one fine summer evening had the misfortune to choose this particular horse as a seat from which to look down upon her admirers. Out came pouring a black jet of bees, with disastrous results to her bare legs. That a swarm of bees should be included among those who do the eternal rounds of a Bank Holiday roundabout was clearly absurd, apart from the discouraging effect upon the roundabout's clientele, and steps have accordingly been taken to extirpate them. As I passed the other evening a piece of hosepipe, one end of which was attached to the exhaust of a car, had been introduced into the orifice of the horse. The engine of the car was then started in the hope of gassing the bees. I am told to-day that the experiment was a failure; at any rate, at the time of writing the bees are still there. Bets are being freely laid in the Vale as to whether they will succeed in holding their ground until Bank Holiday.

* * *

Recent and anticipated Ministerial appointments are still the stock subject of jest this week. I do not know the authorship of the following lines:

Now the Bracken has been planted
On the scene of Cooper's rout,
And now the Sandys are coming in
Instead of running out,
We cannot help surmising
The time is very near
When we shout like Roundhead Warriors
"Brave Oliver is here."

OCCASIONAL LONDONER

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to P. A. Buchanan.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

When the nature of an oath was being explained to a 10-year-old boy at Bletchley Police Court on Thursday, the Chairman asked him: "Whom do you offend against if you tell a lie?"

The boy: The Rector.

The Chairman: Someone above the Rector; who is it?

The boy: Hitler!

The lad's evidence was not taken on oath.—*Leighton Buzzard Observer.*

Sir Frank Tribe, deputy-secretary of the Ministry of Labour, said yesterday that while the spirit of the majority of girls is admirable there is a minority type which does not play cricket.—*News Chronicle.*

"It is not a moment to speak well of any German."—Atticus, *Sunday Times.*

Wanted, a Teacher to teach a Gospel String Band, consisting of Spanish and Hawaiian Guitars and Mandolines; a Christian preferred.—Advt. in *Belfast Telegraph.*

Few, if any, of these people are able to rise above the materialism of Marx to those higher social conceptions learnt on the cricket field. Others are of the kind who would be first over the side in a shipwreck.—Sir Ernest Benn on the subject of German refugees in *Truth.*

IT ALL DEPENDS ON ME

WHEN Cato strode the streets alive
And gave the Romans his opinion,
He organised a one-man drive
Against the peril Carthaginian;
Preventive action he desired,
A tultural and trade embargo,
Till everyone was sick and tired
He cried: "Delenda est Carthago!"

He feared for Roman life and laws
Beneath a Punic occupation
(And so expressed himself because
Rome had a classic education),
But all that Cato really meant
Was, peace can never be enjoyed
If Powers are on world-conquest bent,
So Nazidom must be destroyed.

When Cato was the soul of Rome,
Both in the Senate and the Forum,
When dining out or when at home
He harped upon Pax Romanorum,
If with patricians he conversed
Or with the plebs in Latin *argot*,
He always got in last or first,
"I say, Delenda est Carthago!"

And now wherever you may be,
Who face a far more active danger,
Lift up your voice in company
Or buttonhole the perfect stranger,
For pleasure or for business met,
Though people may become annoyed,
Do not let anyone forget
That Nazidom must be destroyed.

Old Cato was a ruthless bore,
Though his approach was of the blandest,
But still, he got his Punic War,
That ancient high-powered propagandist;
A case at law he would cut short,
Or philosophical farrago,
And to all argument retort,
"So what? Delenda est Carthago!"

And now though conversation stray
To different topics altogether,
Just add to anything you say
On bridge, or film stars or the weather,
Or modern girls or Handel's Largo,
Or swing bands or the unemployed,
"Likewise; Delenda est Carthago!
The Nazi State must be destroyed!"

SAGITTARIUS

DOCTORING AFTER THE WAR

POST-WAR planning and reconstruction are again figuring in the journalistic and parliamentary worlds. Wild cats, tame cats and red herrings meet us wherever we go and whatever papers we read. The sane and serious are, unfortunately, not always the most vocal or vociferous members of any society.

During the later years of the last war, and in the years immediately following the armistice, the minds of capable and well-meaning people were, in like manner, preoccupied with schemes of reconstruction. Those Homes for Heroes; those admirable Reports on the "future provision of Medical and Allied services," those "Hundred new Towns for Britain"; those fundamental educational reforms. Mostly

excellent and practicable. What has become of them? Almost nothing. Nearly all these programmes and reports might be reprinted to-day with hardly a word altered.

The present article is concerned not so much with the positive as with the negative aspects of health. Doctors are often criticised for concentrating their attention almost entirely on disease and injury; giving too little thought to those habits and conditions which favour mental and physical well-being. But this is to criticise a craftsman for not devoting himself wholeheartedly to metaphysics. Health is, of course, much more than the mere absence of nameable disease. It is the particular ideal of human life which an individual or a nation holds that determines for that individual or that nation the explicit meaning of health. The Greek ideal of harmony is one of the most definite of those conceptions, and one which, with trifling modification, still appeals to many of us. But, in any event, health is a state of mental and bodily fitness for our ideal life in the best environment we can devise for that life. Naturally, therefore, its meaning varies somewhat among different individuals and different nations; though, of course, all have much in common. Even if we accept the narrow and colloquial definition, curative and palliative medicine has played but a small part in bringing about our present higher level of health and our greater longevity. Far and away the most important agents have been greater cleanliness, private and civic; improved housing; general education; better and cheaper food, and a raising of the economic status of the poorer classes.

The physician and the surgeon should, of course, have in their minds some standard of normality, mental and physical, below which the patient has fallen by reason of disease or injury. "By his commission the physician is sent to the sick"; and his specialised task is to acquaint himself with the main causes of disease, and with the signs and symptoms by which the several diseases may be recognised even in their earliest stages. He must make himself efficient in carrying out the procedures which experience has shown to be helpful in preventing or checking disease.

I have suggested that it is a mistake to criticise the doctors because they concern themselves with disease rather than with health. But there is another sense in which their preoccupation with disease is, in fact, open to criticism. It is not disease in the abstract, but a diseased human being, that the doctor is called upon to relieve. Every technician must be to some extent a specialist; the only question being to what extent should he, in the exercise of his craft, detach his special technique from his more general and fundamental faculties. It does not matter very much, so far as his workmanship goes, whether a cabinet-maker is a kindly sympathetic man or a vain and brutal egoist. But the material with which a doctor is concerned is not a mere abstraction of the human mind like a table or a horseshoe, but man himself. To quote an American physician: "Such great advances have been made and are daily being made in the knowledge of the causes and prevention of disease that the attention and energies of medical students, teachers, and practitioners very easily become entirely absorbed in the diseases themselves; and the patient, the sufferer, he who has to endure the disease, is forgotten. He becomes an interesting spectacle, merely the stage of an action, the convenient location of a battle which in itself is tremendously interesting." But there is a psychological or emotional relation between doctor and patient which plays an important part in medical work. It is a relation that planners will be unwise to disregard.

Nearly all doctors, and most laymen who have seriously studied the matter, agree that, whatever replanning of our medical services may materialise, the family doctor must form the human base of the whole. In the excellent and competent report produced four years ago by P.E.P., the family doctor's fundamental position is regarded as that of a specialist in diagnosis. "The possible causes of ill-health," says the Report, "are so intimately bound up with the way of life of the individual that it is impossible to have a satisfactory health service in which diagnosis and responsibility for treatment are undertaken in ignorance of the family and working background of the patient. On the other hand, the complexity of modern medicine is such that it becomes one of the most important functions of the general practitioner to make the best use of the specialist services available to him."

What, then, are the objects at which we should aim in reorganising our medical services; and what things should we specially try to avoid? Even the British Medical Association, commonly but mistakenly looked upon as one of our strongest and most conservative trade unions, in its official brochure embodying "Proposals for a General Medical Service for the Nation," laid it down as a first principle that "Every kind of service which may be necessary for the prevention and cure of disease and for the promotion of full mental and physical efficiency should be at the disposal of every member of the community." For purposes of clarification, to this statement of aim I would add these words, "in proportion to needs and without regard to individual ability to pay for it." So long as this end were attained, and the quality of the service were progressively improved, or at least maintained, political schemers need not worry too much about the system of payment by which the doctors should be remunerated, or the sort of control that should be exercised over them. But these things in fact have a pronounced bearing on the quality of the service rendered.

First, as to method of payment. Definite uniformity of salary would seem to many people the simplest and most satisfactory. Each doctor would be responsible for a given district, and would be entirely independent of his patients' whimsies; moreover, he would be free from financial anxiety and uncertainty.

If all doctors were equally able, conscientious and industrious, loving their work and caring for their patients year in and year out, regardless of the effect on their financial position, a salaried State Medical Service would be the best and simplest system we could devise. But doctors of experience, and the working people themselves, know only too well how fancy a picture this is. They know quite well that doctors are not all equally skilful or equally attentive to their duties, and that much of the work of a general practitioner is sheer drudgery such as few men would continue to perform unless their living depended on it. Equally, they know that the only person who is in a position to judge the day by day work of a doctor is his patient. And it is only so long as the individual patients can directly determine by their personal act of choice whether a doctor succeeds or fails, in a worldly sense, that a general high standard of personal service can be counted on. Unless we employ totalitarian methods of education, there is bound to be an appreciable period of time taken up in the atrophy of our decaying pseudo-democratic plutocracy and the maturing of the democratic socialism which we hope will follow it. During that period I would be chary of throwing away the ladder up which we are climbing every time we get to a slightly higher level. "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good"; rather than pull down our house, add a new wing to meet the needs of our growing library or our growing family. So far as a general practitioner service is concerned, we already have in operation a State service covering some sixteen millions of our people. We all know that the medical service provided under the Health Insurance Act is incomplete, and otherwise open to much criticism—deserved and undeserved. I think that most grounds for just criticism would be removed if a full medical service—including hospital and specialist services, mediated by the personally chosen family doctors—were placed, free of charge, at the disposal of every man, woman and child, everyone, regardless of age or class, being regarded as a panel patient. Every man should be free to choose a doctor practising within his area and willing to accept him as a patient, and, if dissatisfied with him, to transfer his allegiance to another doctor. With certain limitations as to numbers, the panel doctor should be paid a basic salary, together with a capitation fee uniform throughout the population in respect of each person who chooses him as his doctor. And I would have it an offence for a panel doctor to accept a private fee for medical work of any kind, though it should be open for any non-panel doctor, specialist or other, to practice as a free-lance, as at present. The panel service should be a pensioned one, and the sale of panel practices should be prohibited.

Now a word about organisation as Lord Dawson said a few months ago, one of the first questions to be settled is "the regionalisation of hospitals and health services." The country should be divided into regional units, between twelve and twenty in number, each with a regional Health Council responsible for the provision and co-ordination of the hospital, specialist and domiciliary medical services within its area. The local authorities, the voluntary and provided hospitals, and the general practitioners should all be represented on this council. These regional councils should, while possessed of considerable local autonomy, be ultimately subordinate to the Ministry of Health. The organisations should centre round a large hospital, preferably a teaching hospital of the university type. In all towns with populations of 10,000 or over there should be secondary hospitals staffed by salaried surgeons, physicians and specialists. In the smaller towns there should be adequately but more simply equipped hospitals of the cottage-hospital type, staffed mostly or entirely by the local general practitioners. Between the practitioners and these three grades of hospitals and the specialists connected therewith, there should be full co-operation. Through the family doctor all the

auxiliary health services—specialist services of all kinds as well as institutional amenities—should be mediated. It is likely, as it is desirable, that the hospital will come to be, in every area, the centre of local medical life and local hygienic effort.

HARRY ROBERTS

PARADOX

How odious is violence and yet how charming it can be to the imagination! Most knockabout comedy depends on it for its effectiveness. And comedy of a higher sort teems with it. Mr. Dooley enriched his political satires with suggestions of men being hit over the head with lead piping. The funniest of Mr. Damon Runyon's stories is a description of a football match between the "Harvards" and the "Yales," during which Liverlips, the gangster, threatens to cut out the gizzards of a number of young men who are cheering the wrong side, and at the end of which the gangsters join a pretty girl in a bloody battle to capture the goalposts. Mr. P. G. Wodehouse has no scruples about allowing the efficient Baxter to be potted by the Earl of Emsworth, and afterwards by the Earl's sister, with a shotgun. Mr. Shaw ended *Androcles* with a scene in which a Roman Emperor was seen running faster than Charley's aunt, pursued by a lion. In Dickens those attractive characters, Mr. Stiggins and Silas Wegg, are both "treated rough." And Shakespeare did not spare the mighty Falstaff himself knockabout humiliations.

I sometimes think that the invincible popularity of the Southern Irish in England is due to the traditional belief that the symbol of an Irishman's supreme happiness is the shillelagh. "Will you tread on the tail of my coat?" and "Is this a private fight or may anybody join in?" were believed by the Victorians to be normal questions that normal Irishmen went about asking when they were not working—and it was supposed that they worked very seldom. Comic stories about faction fights at fairs suggested a Utopia of violence sweeter to the imagination than an Arcadia of shepherds and shepherdesses. Even a northern Irishman, when he comes to England, often finds himself regarded as what is called a wild Irishman. I had scarcely set foot on English soil when an Englishman in his cups looked at me affectionately and, shaking his head, said: "Wild Irishman. You're all the same. Always ready for a scrap." Anyone who knows me might conclude that he was speaking ironically, but I am convinced that he was simply the victim of a national illusion. Several times since then, even when talking about such things as Rugby football, Englishmen who do not know me well have said to me, endearingly: "All you Irish love a scrap." Sometimes I have tried to disillusion them; but sometimes the pleasure of being mistaken for a man who loved nothing better than a scrap has been too much for me, and I have accepted the compliment with a fraudulent smile.

Mousishly though I shrink from violence, however, I can enjoy minor violence, if it is in the past or in print, almost as much as an Englishman. A good example of this kind of violence was recorded in the *Times* the other day in the section devoted to reprints from the columns of the paper of a hundred years ago. In July, 1841, it appears, there was an election in Tipperary at which the Conservative voters had to fight their way to the polling booths. "The scene of insurrection in this county at an election"—so ran the report in the *Times*—"can only be compared to the times of 1798. In a certain district, in Slieverdagh, the people were excited to madness; the chapel bells tolled, the population rose *en masse*, and attacked the second Roscree division of Conservative electors on their way to the poll, at New Birmingham, most furiously, smashing carriages . . . and stoning the gentlemen who fought most gallantly; of course, they fired, to save their lives, and with serious effect."

The report goes on: "The second Nenagh division had to fire soon after leaving Nenagh; but at Holyford the battle was a stand-up fight. They, however, beat off their assailants and forced their way to Clonmel."

As a picture of an old-fashioned election day, this is more interesting than comic; but the tide of comedy rises with a quotation from the description of his experiences during the fight by one of the Conservative electors. "I have been," he wrote, "in many a bloody conflict. It was mine to see death in many shapes, and to behold the lips of brave men turning as white as those of a timid maiden, but never before did such overpowering sensations come over my spirit. . . . We looked into one another's faces, and we became desperately resolved to do or die." That rhetorical touch about the timid maiden, we feel, was well worth a riot; and, strongly though we disapprove of interference with the liberty of electors, we cannot regret that the riot took place.

Even those who have been present at scenes of minor violence which they deplored usually recall them later on with relish. Most of the M.P.s who were present at the great hand-to-hand fight in the House of Commons during the debate on the second Home Rule Bill were at first filled with bitter indignation and shame. "A disgraceful exhibition," they said. A few years elapsed, however, and, the occasion having become historic, they began to boast about having been present at it. Their eyes lit up with enthusiasm and delight as they described how Colonel Sanderson had struck out and how some other Member had his collar torn from its stud and yet another had been given a black eye. The scene in memory was no longer humiliating: it had become comic and a joy for ever.

Even in language violence can be very attractive. Many German broadcasts in English owe their interest, not to the news they contain—for they contain very little—but to the vituperative epithets they hurl at Mr. Churchill and the plutocrats and Jews whose champion he is alleged to be. Vituperation of this kind has almost ceased to exist in England. Even Mr. Churchill, who has said some severe things about the Nazi leaders, has never gone so far as Stalin and denounced them as "cannibals." As for journalism, how its gift for strong language has declined since the absorption of the *Morning Post* into the *Daily Telegraph!* For a time that great paper raised the language of Eatanswill almost to the level of literature. Everyone enjoyed reading it, particularly those whom it attacked most fiercely. To-day, unhappily, almost all newspapers are content to call a spade a spade. Men are no longer called even scoundrels without evidence. The days of invective are over.

It is impossible, for example, to imagine the *Times* of 1941 writing about a contemporary as the *Times* of July 21st, 1841, wrote about the *Globe*. The attack on the *Globe* a hundred years ago (which was reprinted last week) began like this:

> A paragraph appears in Monday's *Globe* which in point of mean malignity transcends, if possible, anything that has lately figured in that unscrupulous and abandoned print. Great allowances, we are willing to admit, are due to the Ministerial journalists, writhing, as they now are, under the peeling torture inflicted on them by the recent elections, which, as consummating the sufferings of their wretched party, have been almost synonymous with the wheel or rack. . . .

That is pretty good, and the attack goes on:

> Nay, we could readily excuse in our chagrined opponents a good deal of vituperative language or even uncandid remark—anything you please, in short, except such cool and premeditated villainy as the subjoined paragraph evinces:
>
> "*On dit* that the Queen has heard of the vain boast of Sir Robert that if he came into power he would make her a Tory (a Conservative as he said) in six weeks; and that the baronet is, consequently, more disliked than ever at headquarters."

It is a little disappointing after such a frenzied introduction to find that the *Globe* was guilty of so small a crime; and the *Times*, having exhausted its fury, ends with the comparatively mild statement that the paragraph in the *Globe* was "as rude an impeachment of Her Majesty's prudence as of Her Majesty's patriotism." Even this tame ending, however, does not lessen our pleasure in the preliminary virulence. To-day, where can we find such Billingsgate in the newspapers? Billingsgate is said to be dead even in Billingsgate.

As citizens we may rejoice at this. But as spectators of the comedy of life we have to admit that something amusing has vanished from the earth. Civilisation has toned down our language to a common greyness. When two taximen quarrelled at Waterloo Station the other day as to which of them should take me and which an Army officer with ten trunks and bags, each of them a threepenny extra, the worst that one of them could think of to say to the other was: "You're the scum of the earth." That seemed to me to have the dullness of a cliché. On how much higher a level of originality was the invective of Big Bill Thompson, who made a name for himself some years ago as a master of strong language when he was Mayor of Chicago! Hear him abusing one of his opponents:

> I'm not descending to personality, but let me tell you, if you want to see a nasty sight, you watch Doc Robertson eating in a restaurant. Eggs in his whiskers, soup on his vest—you'd think the Doc. got his education driving a garbage waggon.

That is not great invective, but it is better than no invective at all. It is barbarous, but so are some of the virtues of the Homeric heroes. We should not like it to return, any more than we should like such scenes as took place at the Tipperary election to return; but the world is a more entertaining place because men once spoke and behaved in so blackguardly (and at the same time so comparatively innocent) a fashion. Past history rapidly acquires the quality of fiction; and in fiction we can enjoy all kinds of violence of which in real life we should violently disapprove.

Y. Y.

THE VILLAGE EGG

[We publish this article as an accurate and admirably observed account of how the egg situation looks to the countryman to whom an egg in the backyard is a reality and the economics of shipping-space are a mystery.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

OUR village stands in a *cul de sac*, off a secondary road, in the depths of an agricultural county. It has a population of two hundred and twenty souls, more or less, including a sprinkling of evacuees, received kindly, though without enthusiasm. Its modest prosperity is derived from five farms, which are the centres of its industry. By means of a private omnibus service, the villagers are able to visit more pretentious villages, and, on market days, the nearest market towns. But they have neither time nor money for much travel, and, for the most part, are content to live their quiet, industrious lives having little contact with the outer world.

Most of them have small gardens and allotments. Some keep a few fowls. They can get most of the necessities of life from the little general shop, and they used to be able to get plenty of milk and eggs from the farms. The village shop includes a bakery, and butchers call once or twice a week from the village which is the centre of the Rural District. So they had enough to eat. The rationing, first of bacon, and then of cheese was a serious deprivation; for these were staple foods. But they did not grumble. They took an intelligent view of war conditions—indeed, were they not among the most important of home producers?—and were ready to bear their share of the sacrifices, as well as of the effort required. Meat rationing troubled them little. Butchers meat was, for most of them a Sunday luxury. They thought it silly of the Government to discourage cattle and pig rearing, instead of encouraging it, but then, what could one expect of townsfolk, who had no sense? They were sorry for the people in the towns; for their part, they could get along very well with an occasional rabbit, with eggs, and with the produce of their gardens.

Then certain would-be-wise men—scientists they liked to be called—told the Government that hens were not worth feeding. So the Government, who had been preaching a gospel of egg and poultry production, changed their minds, and deprived the hens of their corn—or most of it. The villagers, including the farmers, were not scientists, with a capital S; but, guided by experience and common sense, they knew that the would-be-wise men were talking rubbish. For the first time there were wrathful murmurings. Since, however, they could not make their protests felt, they began to eat or sell their hens. The number of hens fell rapidly, and those that remained began to lay fewer eggs, or none at all, through lack of corn. The villagers knew that hens could not be kept in good laying condition without a fair ration of corn. For what purpose were gizzards given to hens, except to grind the grain, which was essential to their well-being. Besides, everybody who knew anything about poultry knew that, when the long nights returned, hens must have some corn to go to bed with. If they did not, there would be no winter eggs at all, and, if the winter were severe, no hens. The country markets were glutted with potential layers of eggs as more and more hens were discarded. Nevertheless, the farmers, or rather, their wives continued to keep some hens, and eggs could still be had, enough for daily needs, but not, as the villagers had hoped, any to spare for the water-glass, which most of them had bought with an eye to the winter. They began to wonder whether the Government were as silly about things outside of their experience, as about the things they were almost born knowing. But, in spite of growing doubts about the same direction of affairs, they subscribed between £400 and £500 in stamps and certificates alone during the local War Weapons Week, and felt well-pleased with themselves, as they had a right to.

Then, like a bolt from the blue, came a new Order of the Government making it a criminal offence for a farmer to sell eggs to the villagers. Strange men in cars—using, by the way, petrol, which was being even more severely rationed than before—came to spy out the village hen-roosts. The villagers were told they must register for eggs with a retailer. They had but one retailer, the village shop-keeper, who had never sold an egg in her long life; she had never had the occasion. She accepted the registration of her customers, not because she wanted to sell eggs, but to meet their necessity. She held out hopes of two eggs per person per week. There was real anger in the village, anger which increased as, week by week, no eggs came and the eggs of the village went, no one knew whither.

During this time, I, who am an evacuee of fairly long standing, paid a visit to London. There I encountered my London dairyman an enterprising man with a high reputation for, among other things, reliable eggs. "What do you think of the egg ramp?" he asked. "More important," I replied, "are you getting any eggs? In the country, I have not seen an egg for nearly a month." "I get eggs," he replied bitterly, "They come from Canada and the U.S.A. I have not received a home-laid egg since this criminal lunacy began. I have not had an egg in my shop fit to boil, and few fit to sell. Some are just rotten." He told me a lot besides: but most of it I took to be intelligent surmise.

Then I ran into the Secretary of a large Army mess. "Can you get eggs?" I asked. He said "No and yes. We used to get our eggs, under contract, from a large poultry farm not far from us. For three weeks after this fool Order was made we could not buy an egg. Then our Mess Sergeant went off on his own and had a talk with our former contractor. He came back with eggs. The poultry man, it seems, had said that he'd see Woolton damned rather than let his eggs rot any longer. Not an egg had been collected from his place since the Order came into force. We ate the eggs. It seemed the only sensible thing to do."

I returned to the village of my adoption. There were still no eggs to be had. But, a few days later, calling at the village shop, I asked the usual question, "Any eggs yet?" The first consignment had just arrived; I could have two weeks rations. That would be two eggs each. The box was opened; it was full of eggs marked "Canada." A hen cackled loudly near by. It might have been laughing at this very bad joke. Actually, I suppose it had laid an egg, which, in the circumstances, was a worse joke.

Outside the shop, I encountered the wife of a farmer neighbour who, in happier times, had supplied me with eggs. She was a careful hard-working hen-wife. All through the winter she used to pass my cottage, in all weathers, morning and late afternoon to tend her outlying hen houses. She was proud of her poultry. "How are the hens laying?" I asked. "I have no hens," she said. "I sent them all to market last Thursday. What with no suitable food, and, now, this new Government nonsense, I could not stand it any more." I said "Are you registered at the shop to buy eggs from Canada?" She did not answer my question, but asked another. "Don't you think," she said, "that, taking space and weight into account, it would have been more economical to bring us corn from over there and let us produce our own eggs?" "You must remember," I said solemnly, "that the Government is advised by experts." "We have a different name for them in these parts," she said. M. G.

THE MOVIES

"Fantasia," at New Gallery and Marble Arch Pavilion (second notice)
"Target for To-night," at the Empire
Russian Newsreel (everywhere)
"Lady Hamilton," at the Odeon
"Caught in the Draft," at the Plaza

Some fantastic claims have been made for *Fantasia*. Let's look at one or two.

(1) Disney has found a new art-form.

Yes, but he found it years ago with the first of the silly symphonies; with Mickey and his band spiralling skywards to the notes of *William Tell*, and then spinning in reverse as the music paused and unwound. *Fantasia* adds no new "discovery" to this.

(2) The Disney-Stokowski renderings of Beethoven's *Pastoral*, etc., rank high as music.

No. Invite an audience of musicians including Sibelius, Toscanini, Constant Lambert and Mr. Ernest Newman, and see what they'll say. The fact that Disney now attaches his fantasias to Beethoven and Bach, as well as Rossini, shows not an advance but a failure in taste. I enjoyed Disney's *Pastoral*, but at the expense of Beethoven. Either you revel in these charming comics and let the music lap round like breezes, or you remember Beethoven while your eye plays truant; either you laugh or you listen; impossible to do both at once. This is hardly bringing music and pictures closer together; music (some of the great music of the world) is thrust into a background where Massenet or Luigini would serve just as well. Disney turns Beethoven's rhythms and sound flights brilliantly into cartoon but destroys Beethoven. Is there a level on which Disney and music meet? Yes, with the overture to *William Tell*, and here with Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*, and Ponchielli's *Dance of the Hours*. There is, it's true, a daydream region where imagination wanders however closely one may listen to music; but Disney doesn't touch this and isn't likely to.

Note: The Savoy operas were produced by G. and S., and not by Gilbert and Bach, or Milton and Sullivan.

(3) Disney is a draughtsman comparable with Rowlandson, etc.

No. His drawing, composition, line and colour seem to me (and always have seemed) exceedingly commonplace. The abstracts parts of *Fantasia*, where these qualities have to stand alone, are ugly and drear beyond words. Beauty of movement is more evident in *Fantasia* than in his earlier films, but Disney's real qualities remain what they were: his sense of parody and extravagant fun, the "resemblances" with human nature, occasional touches of surrealism and prettiness, a visual wit which will seize on the connection between closing petals and a corps de ballet forming a tableau, which will tap a toadstool and turn it into a hopping Chinee.

Mr. David Low, I believe, holds the opposite, the Rowlandson view. I hope he may be persuaded to argue it in print.

(4) What is there new about *Fantasia?*

Improved multiplane technique, great improvement in landscape which now ranges from formal pastoral to Mesozoic swamps and volcanic plains, the development of a "serious" Disney in the direction of horror—realistic in the scenes of pre-history, macabre in the vision of spooks to Moussorgsky's *Night on the Bald Mountain*.

(5) Is *Fantasia* worth seeing?

Immensely; but you may find it, as I did, wearying, and too much of a good thing that isn't always too good. The bad parts—orchestra tuning up and lit by bengal flares, the compère, Bach-and-woolgathering, Schubert

and-chinoiserie—look even worse at a second seeing. The best remains delightful. William Hickey's suggestion that the film should be chopped into its component pieces, and shown as silly symphonies, would very quickly weed out the essential Disney.

Our best propaganda film since the war can be seen at the Empire. *Target for To-night*, produced by Harry Watt, with the R.A.F. co-operating, gives us the preparation and accomplishment of a single raid on a target in south-west Germany. The film runs for 50 minutes, is a model of pictorial brevity, and without sensationalism provides thrills that can hardly be measured. I shall never forget the dim cloudscapes on the way out, the rivers of tracer shells flowing past the window after the bomber had dropped its first load. Authenticity, to the maker of documentaries, is its own reward, and *Target for To-night* wins from every detail; there have been no better pictures of actual bombing, of ground-work and "conferences," of planes taking off at dusk, of the jaunty quietness among all the men concerned. "Bad luck, So-and-so," says the senior officer to a man left out of the crews. When the first flak streams up the pilot murmurs, "The natives appear to be hostile." Routine is emphasised even to the extent of orders given in the upper-class accents which seem horribly catching in the R.A.F., and if the Germans could see *Target for To-night* it would infuriate them. Some weeks ago, I complained that no British film director appeared capable of answering the Nazi *Baptism of Fire*. Well, Harry Watt's film is an answer. It comes pat to time, and should do us a world of good in America and the neutral countries.

And in Russia. The first newsreels from Russia are here. They show tanks in action, bombing raids, women digging trenches behind the lines, armed guerilla bands setting out on horseback in search of parachutists, a newspaper printed and read on the battlefield, grim scenes of Nazi dead and Nazi prisoners. The aeroplanes are all reassuringly modern in type. The tone is grim and deterrent: English commentary (Gaumont British version) quotes Moscow's address to German women, "What are your husbands and sons doing in Russia?" and follows in general the line of Russian propaganda.

The silly season for fiction is advancing. *Lady Hamilton*, an English production, is well up—or down—to the standards of Hollywood history. When she met Nelson, Emma, with her beautiful face, was fat, witty, alluring and vulgar; Vivien Leigh, in the film, is the opposite of these. Emma and Nelson in all sincerity were present at Hamilton's deathbed; but not, of course, in the film. In the film the relationships are conventionalised and overlaid with sentimental platitude. The result, for me, is too untruthful to be bearable. Too much is slurred over or left out, including the famous "postures"; Vivien Leigh, I must say, hardly looks the one for postures. And yet *Lady Hamilton* isn't so bad, and Laurence Olivier's contribution as Nelson is striking. The England-expects, no-appeasement side of the film is pretty good. By all the traditions of film-making, the death at Trafalgar should have been triumphantly vulgar; but (thanks to Olivier) it was simple, dignified and moving.

Caught in the Draft is silly and meant to be. Bob Hope—a younger Jack Oakie, with pansy gestures and a nose of his own—gives us a film star, "allergic to gunfire," in the army. Slapstick with tanks, parachutes, parades, potato peeling, underwear, and Lamour as the colonel's daughter. "Who's that?" says someone, "it looks like Dorothy Lamour dressed." Very funny at times and in its treatment of the yellow streak a decided advance on *The Four Feathers*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Quiet Week-end," at Wyndham's Theatre.

This comedy is a sequel to *Quiet Wedding*. Unluckily it has not the vestige of an idea behind it, such as even the craziest farce requires. There is a little young love, a little middle-aged love, a poaching trip that seems to have been invented with an eye on an eventual movie version—above all, there is a lot of play with the not unfamiliar inconveniences of the week-end cottage. The author has a quick eye for widespread foibles and a knack for writing lines that keep one amused. But she belongs to the Dodie Smith school, and her chief appeal is to a middle-class audience that enjoys the flattery artfully hidden in the humour. In the film of *Quiet Wedding* the suburban Englishness was admirably realised but made tolerable by the director's gay detachment. In *Quiet Week-End* you get the same Englishness neat. The acting is excellent, particularly that of Miss Marjorie Fielding, Miss Dorothy Batley, Mr. Frank Cellier and Mr. George Thorpe. Miss Glynis Johns has considerable talent but she needs to pay attention to her voice. What is now a forgivable mannerism may develop into a serious handicap.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, August 2nd—
- International Youth Centre, Stratford-on-Avon. Till Sept. 2nd. Partics. from Mrs. Sheldon Walton, 16 Girton Road, Cambridge.
- Shakespeare Memorial Performance. Free German League of Culture, 36A Upper Park Road, N.W.3. 7.15. And August 3rd.

MONDAY, August 4th—
- Grand Anglo-Soviet Fair, Battersea Park, 3-10, to be opened by the Counsellor to Soviet Embassy. Profits for British and Soviet Red Cross.

TUESDAY, August 5th—
- Promenade Concert, Anglo-American Evening, Albert Hall, 6.30.
- The Music of Henry Purcell, St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, 6.30.
- "Family Reunion," Tavistock Little Theatre, 7.

WEDNESDAY, August 6th—
- Jack Chen: "Daumier, Artist of the People," 9 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2. 7.

FRIDAY, August 8th—
- Soviet Poetry described and declaimed by Herbert Marshall, 33 Portman Square, 5.30.
- M. Moine Al-Arab: "Egypt to-day," 12 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2. 7.30.

Correspondence

THE DAILY WORKER

SIR,—If fair is fair, there are quite a lot of things and persons that deserve banning much better than the *Daily Worker*. It wasn't those of the *Daily Worker* who went to Hitler with gifts of gold and frankincense (leaving the myrrh out). And there can hardly be any doubt that at one time, not very long ago, the democracies of France and Britain were bent over the decision to go for the Soviet Union with horse, foot and artillery, in order to "bring help to Finland." It was only the good earth herself who stood between us and almost certain war with the Soviet Union. These are things in the oul' history books by now.

As you say in your Journal, friendship, at least, alliance if possible, with the Soviets has always been among the main notes played on the Communist trumpet; a call, for some reason or another, many people here hated to hear. I, personally, have no doubt that this enthusiastic approval of the U.S.S.R. was one of the hidden reasons for the suppression of the paper. I, for twenty years and more, have been arguing with and tormenting people into my own admiration for almost all the things done by active Socialism in the Soviet State. Six or seven years ago a Christmas message of mine to the Australian papers urged a closer union between the U.S.A., Britain and the Soviet Union. An article of mine, just as long ago, voicing the same thing appeared in the *Manchester Evening News*. I always argued, not only for a closer political union, but for a closer cultural union as well. I have appealed for a fuller recognition and a higher honour on the English stage for the finer examples of American drama than it has ever received. And as I have tried to keep up this connection with New York, so I have tried to keep up the same connection with Moscow. This morning, July 23rd, I got a letter, dated April 24th, from Timofei Rokotov, Editor of *The International Magazine*, with a grand special number of a magazine, almost entirely devoted to Shakespeare. Here is part of the letter:

> I was extremely delighted by your letter of January 28th, which I received only yesterday. We always remember you, and experience joy whenever we see your name on the pages of the English press. . . . Several days ago I read the splendid letter you wrote to Comrade Apletin with regard to the Shakespeare Jubilee in 1939. Now we are again honouring the memory of the world's greatest dramatist, on the occasion of the 325th anniversary of his death. In connection with this event, I have taken the liberty of publishing excerpts from your letter in both *International Literature* and *Moscow News*. Might I ask you to do me a favour that would be of exceptional importance for the magazine? Our connections with British literature have been interrupted. We have hardly any new English books, and we are in great need of them. Perhaps it would not be too much trouble for you to select, at your own discretion, several of the recent literary publications you might consider worthy of the attention of our readers, and send them to us. You would be doing us an invaluable service. Any book we might receive from England at the present time would be highly appreciated here. We are particularly interested in contemporary English plays. Naturally, we will cover all expenses incurred. T. ROKOTOV.

As a member of the Editorial board of the paper, I should like to ask Mr. Morrison if this kind of thing was likely to hamper the war effort? Of course, Communists have to deal with other things besides literature—with bread, for instance; but Christ dealt with that: the bread is given, right enough, but we don't get it—we have to fight for it. There is a Persian proverb which says: "If you have two pennies, with one buy bread, and with the other a lily." But if we have but one penny, we can buy only bread. It has been my fight for a long span of years now to try to bring about a condition in which the worker spending his penny on bread will have one left to buy a lily.

I think it will be allowed that those connected with the *Daily Worker* have done what they could to bring the Soviet Union and Britain together; they can do much now to keep them together; and much more, if they have the *Daily Worker* to help them. With all deference, the combined energy and single-mindedness of the Communists is as important as the energy and single-mindedness of Mr. Morrison. SEAN O'CASEY

Devon.

MOSCOW SHELTERS

SIR,—Two weeks ago, in your columns, a certain Mr. Wilson wrote to point out that Moscow and other Soviet cities lacked adequate bombproof shelters (actually he used the term "deep shelters"). I now learn the following from the *Daily Mail* (of all sources!) of July 23rd. It may be of interest to Mr. Wilson and to the readers of his letter who do not patronise the Rothermere press:

> Moscow has the most magnificent air-raid shelters of any city. . . . The Underground . . . (has) the best decorated and most modern tube stations in the world . . . light, roomy, airy, scrupulously clean . . . absolutely bomb-proof. . . The air is changed eight times every hour, day and night. A.R.P.

INDIAN BROADCASTING

SIR,—I doubt if Mr. Fielden and I differ materially in our ideas about what a broadcasting service should be. I do not underrate his distinguished services to broadcasting in India. We differ on questions of fact.

Mr. Fielden's main ammunition for his attack on the B.B.C.'s Hindustani service of to-day is a single sixteen-month-old panegyric of Berlin's

Hindustani service. Here he is cheered on from the opposite sideline by the anonymous "Indian Resident," who suggests that we "let Goebbels' machinery do all the talking to the crowds in the Indian bazaars and villages" and that this is due to our parsimony. Our latest evidence—not dependent upon the obedient reports of officials which Mr. Fielden imagines in his attempt to belittle any more up-to-date knowledge than his own—shows that the German broadcast service to India is now largely discredited.

The distinguished public servant of long experience in India who leads our Indian team requires no defence from me against Mr. Fielden. I explained in my earlier letter how considerable a liberty that team now enjoys in what Mr. Fielden describes as the weaving of "what news there is into the quantitative and qualitative pattern of their own idiom and associations." He now courses yet further outside the field of his own experience and charges the B.B.C. with making in nearly all its overseas services the mistake of believing that "foreigners cannot be trusted." This is not only nonsense. It is also an insulting charge to bring against a service in which men and women of more than 30 different nationalities are working on terms of mutual confidence and regard with their British fellows. His suggestion that our colleagues from India and Ceylon are regarded as foreigners is equally foolish and yet more mischievous.

No one engaged in the B.B.C.'s overseas services imagines them to be perfect. They have had to be built up at speed and in difficult conditions. We have much to learn in all of them, including our services to India; and the team of men and women, so varied in their gifts and experience, upon which these services depend, are working constantly for their improvement. We welcome fair comment and suggestions based on up-to-date knowledge. But I am concerned to protect colleagues less able to speak for themselves against unfair discouragements. In doing so I am happy to acknowledge Mr. Desmond Hawkins' generous tribute to one of our Indian services, which he has lately himself seen at work.

STEPHEN TALLENTS

The British Broadcasting Corporation,
W.1.

SIR,—The evidence of an individual broadcaster cannot, of course, carry much weight, but since Mr. Desmond Hawkins has paid a well-deserved tribute to the English service to India, I should like to say a word for the Hindustani service. I have done work in connection with it on several occasions, and the experience was always a very pleasant one. I found no traces of British parochialism in its office, and I was much impressed by the intelligence and initiative of its Indian staff.

Reform Club, S.W.1. E. M. FORSTER

RAILWAY AGREEMENT

SIR,—With brevity and acumen your contributor "Urbanus," in your issue of July 26th, summarises in four sentences what "the railway managers have got the Government to agree." The heads of agreement are so amazing that "Urbanus" prefaces his summary with the phrase "Believe it or not."

Is not the capitulation of the Government explained largely by the following facts:

(1) The railways are the strongest vote-controlling commercial interest in the House of Commons. Few parliamentary candidates dare run the risk of alienating the railway vote (shareholders plus employees), an influential factor in *every* constituency.

(2) Powerful financial interests in the City (greatly interested in the Stock Exchange value of railway securities) brought influences to bear on the Treasury bureaucracy already by education and training predisposed to the plutocratic railway views.

The country suffers for the privileged position which the railway monopoly has secured in the higher prices it has to pay for all commodities, due to the increase in railway rates and the restrictions that have been placed by the Treasury, mainly under railway pressure, upon road transport. The resulting costly rigid and insufficient transport enters very largely into the whole question of war production.

Can you tell me, sir, of anyone in the public life of Great Britain who dares stand up to the railway monopoly? W. REES JEFFREYS

The Hall,
Wivelsfield Green,
Haywards Heath.

HONOUR REFUSED

SIR,—In your "London Diary" of to-day's issue Critic asks, "Can one refuse an honour from the Crown, apparently one may not even know that it is being conferred?" May I point out that Mr. X. (decorated) need not continue to hold the decoration if he does not wish to do so.

During the Great War (in 1917, I believe) I was abroad and received a letter offering me the O.B.E. For quite private reasons I did not wish that His Majesty, King George V should confer this honour upon me, and so I wrote, but the posts were very slow and I found that my name appeared in the *Gazette*. Nevertheless, I wrote again and was "de Gazetted," which proves that it can be done.

MAX

INCENTIVE IN INDUSTRY

SIR,—In his article on the "Manufacturer who wants to know," Mr. Best's main point is that we must "face the unpleasant fact that in peacetime at the final issue the only sanction an employer has to prevent slacking and disobedience is—fear of the sack. This gone, what has he left?" On this premise he bases a large number of far-reaching conclusions, political as well as economic. If Mr. Best really wants to know what is left, and also just what are the motives which make for good work on the part of the worker, he may be recommended to read some of the many excellent and fully documented books written on the subject, such as Roethlisberger's and Dickson's *Management and the Worker*, which records the results of some 20 years' thorough and extensive work at the Western Electric Company.

The main result of their work was a very simple one, and one re-echoed in every other similar investigation: they found that the things most business men and trade union officials think of as important, wages and hours of work, were nearly always less important than feelings and attitudes—in short, the human element. When they experimented on a group of girls in order to study the influence of improved conditions on output, they found, indeed, that improvement of conditions resulted in improved output; but when for experimental purposes they took away all these improvements at one fell swoop, the result was not, as one might have thought, decrease in output, but quite on the contrary the output rose to a new all-time high, 25 per cent. higher than at the beginning of the experiment! What had been changed in these girls was their attitude to their work—they now felt important, they knew their co-operation was appreciated, they were more than cogs in a machine. These things counted more than rest-pauses, shorter hours, higher wages.

The same conclusion is brought out by Viteles, in his book *The Science of Work*, where he lists 33 factors which are basic in the motivation of workers in industry; of these factors payment is only one. As he goes on to say, "the relationship between first line supervisors and the individual workman is of more importance in determining the attitude, morale, general happiness, and efficiency of the employee than any other single factor."

It is regrettable that these facts, as well as many others revealed in a number of outstanding studies in this field, are ignored by many professed "specialists" in their writings, as well as by managers and manufacturers in their daily work. The psychology used by the great majority of those who direct and guide others nowadays is at least fifty years out of date—Mr. Best is far from being an isolated example—and what is worse, the very existence of such a science of work is blithely ignored by those whose job it should be to apply it. The question is not a political one, but goes much deeper than that; the "dialectical materialism" of the Communist is as ignorant and suspicious of the application of science to the problems of the human mind as capitalism with its "Law of supply and demand"; both tend to view the individual not as a human, i.e. a psychological entity, but as an economic, i.e. a material one. The best hope for our democratic civilisation lies in the general adoption of the scientific view, which studies the individual in his own right, and not as a rigid part of some productive mechanism.

28 Howitt Close, H. J. EYSENCK, Ph.D.
Howitt Road, N.W.3.

THE "BISMARCK"

SIR,—So infrequently do I find myself demurring from "Critic's" opinions that on this occasion I am sufficiently shocked to take him to task about it.

The Admiralty's reluctance to propagandise the story of the *Bismarck* "mutiny" is, he considers, an "admirable example of the antediluvian attitude" of that authority. Is it? Well, I know nothing of the facts—my only intimation of the report has been a short newspaper account some little time ago—but I feel justified in making three observations:

(i) The generally recognised "gameness" of *Bismarck* right to the end of the action, coupled with the high disciplinary reputation of German service men, would deafen all enemy ears to a "mutiny" story.

(ii) It is now admitted that if any trouble did occur it was only during the last moments of the ship's existence—that is, in circumstances that were not particularly conducive to maintenance of morale.

(iii) That, therefore, for both utilitarian and "gentlemanly" reasons the story is unworthy of dissemination.

Incidentally, I am pleased to find in my newspaper to-day (26-7-41) a heading "No Mutiny In The Bismarck: But Men 'Lost Their Heads.'"

N. T. GRIDGEMAN

["Critic" writes: "God knows what I've done to be so misunderstood. The heroism required to continue fighting on a battleship which has been made into a hell by shell-fire and is doomed to destruction is beyond any comment of mine. My point was that we ought to rejoice openly if German sailors show signs of reproving this ghastly endurance at the Führer's orders. For the mood to spread would seem the best way of ending the Nazis and, incidentally, of ending the war."—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

SOVIET LIFE

SIR,—We are arranging an Exhibition of Soviet life, to be held in the Suffolk Galleries, Suffolk Street, S.W.1, during the fortnight beginning August 25th. The basis of the exhibition will be the very fine collection of photographs already in our possession, but we appeal to your readers for the loan of other artistic material from the U.S.S.R., such as embroideries, pictures, sculpture and pottery. Every care will be taken of the objects lent, and we are sure that their possessors will be willing to help us in making known the cultural achievements of our Allies at this historic period. We should be grateful if offers of loans could be made by letter in the first place.

CARMEL HADEN GUEST,
S.C.R., JUDITH TODD,
98 Gower Street, Organisers
London, W.C.1.

"NEVER AGAIN" ASSOCIATION

SIR,—If you will allow me to say so, quite respectfully, your notions about the "Never Again" Association are topsy-turvy. It is precisely because its members are *not* "prepared to face constant wars" that the Association was formed.

We are trying to arrange things in the right order. A malefactor is running about and we think he should be held, so that the new world-builders like your gifted contributors—and others—can proceed in peace with the working out of their ideologies (I think that is the word).

The military in the last war did their best and handed over a vanquished enemy to the ideologists, who apparently could not make their ideologies work so as to secure the peace with which they had been presented. But we are quite ready to try again. Only do try this time to make your ideologies bomb-proof for the next generation.

PHILIP GEE (Hon. Secretary),
The "Never Again" Association
31 Portland Place, W.1.

HONORARY CONSERVATIVES

SIR,—When Hitler was impressed by the good qualities he saw in Aryanism, he was embarrassed by the necessity of going through the motions of co-operating, to a limited extent, and for a time, with the Japanese. This difficulty was brilliantly solved by the declaration that the Japanese were to be regarded as honorary Aryans.

When some members of the Labour Party are impressed by the good qualities they see in Conservatism they are embarrassed by the necessity of going through the motions of co-operating, to a limited extent, and for a time, with the Russian Communists. Could not this difficulty be most easily solved by a declaration in the right quarters that, until further notice, the Communists are to be regarded as honorary Conservatives?

PAUL. G. 'ESPINASSE

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

AFTER reading Hemingway and Faulkner and speculating upon the breach of American with English literature, the mind goes back to the two decisive, indigenous Americans who opened the new vein—Mark Twain and Edgar Allan Poe. Everything really American, really non-English, comes out of that pair of spiritual derelicts, those two scarecrow figures with their half-lynched minds. We have never had the obverse of Puritanism in England, for the political power of Puritanism lasted only a decade. If an Englishman hated Puritanism, he could fall back on the rest of the elaborate English tradition; if an American hated that philosophy (which had become almost totalitarian in the United States), he found himself alone in a wilderness, with nothing but bottomless cynicism and bitterness for his consolation. There has never been in English literature a cynicism to compare with the American; at any rate we have never had the American kind, with its broken chopper edge and its ugly wound. We have also never had its by-product: the humorous practical philosophers, the Josh Billings, Artemus Wards, Will Rogers, the Pudd'nhead Wilsons* with their close-fisted proverbs.

> Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond: cauliflower is nothing but cabbage with a college education.

Or:

> Consider well the proportions of things. It is better to be a young June bug than an old bird of Paradise.

Pudd'nhead Wilson was, of course, Twain's invention.

I say we have never had this kind of rumination, but there is one exception to prove the rule and to prove it very well, for he also is an uprooted and, so to speak, colonial writer. The Anglo-Indian Kipling with his "A woman is always a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke," is our first writer in the American school, with a cynicism, a brand of humour and a jungle book of beliefs which, I think, would be characteristic of our literature if we become seriously totalitarian in the future. For English totalitarianism would create the boredom and bitterness of the spiritual wilderness, as surely as Puritanism did in America.

When Mark Twain turned upon the religion of his childhood because it was intolerable, he was unaware that it would destroy him by turning him into a money-grubber of the most disastrously Puritan kind. Fortunately the resources of the imagination are endless even when a fanatical philosophy wrecks human life, genius and happiness. Out of the mess which Twain made of his life, amid the awful pile of tripe which he wrote, there does rise one book which has the serenity of a thing of genius. *Huckleberry Finn*† takes the breath away. Knowing Mark Twain's life, knowing the hell of vulgarity from which the book has ascended, one dreads as one turns from page to page the seemingly inevitable flop. How can a low comedian, so tortured and so angry, refrain from blackguarding God, Man and Nature for the narrow boredom of his early life, and ruining the perfect comedy and horror of this story? But imaginative writers appear to get at least one lucky break in their careers; for a moment the conflicts are assimilated, the engine ceases to work against itself. *Huckleberry Finn* does not flop. America gets its first truly indigenous masterpiece. The small boyhood of Huck Finn is the small boyhood of a new culture.

The curious thing about *Huckleberry Finn* is that, although it is one of the funniest books in all literature and really astonishing in the variety of its farce and character, we are even more moved than we are amused by it. Why are we moved? Do we feel the sentiment of sympathy only? Are we sighing with some envy and self-pity? "Alas, Huck Finn is just what I would have been in my boyhood if I had had half a chance?" Are we sorry for the vagrant, or are we moved by his rebellion? These minor feelings may play their part; but they are only sighs on the surface of the main stream of our emotion. Mark Twain has brought to his subject far more than this personal longing; he has become the channel of the generic emotion which floods all really American literature—the emotion of nostalgia. In that absurd, brilliant, hit-or-miss book, *Studies in Classical American Literature*, which is so often dead right, D. H. Lawrence called this feeling the longing of the rebel for a master. It may be simply the longing for a spiritual home, but it is as strong in Mark Twain as it is implicit in Hemingway. One finds this feeling in Anglo-Irish literature which is also colonial and, in a less lasting way, in the work of Kipling. The peculiar power of American nostalgia is that it is not only harking back to something lost in the past, but suggests also the tragedy of a lost future. As Huck Finn and old Jim drift down the Mississippi from one horrifying little town to the next and hear the voices of men quietly swearing at one another across the water; as they pass the time of day with the scroungers, rogues, murderers, the lonely women, the frothing revivalists, the maundering boatmen and fantastic drunks of the river towns, we see the human wastage that is left in the wake of a great effort of the human will, the hopes frustrated, the idealism which has been whittled down to eccentricity and craft. These people are the price paid for building a new country. It is not, once you have faced it—which Dickens did not do in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, obsessed as he was with the negative pathos of the immigrant—it is not a disheartening spectacle; for the value of a native humour like Twain's is that it expresses a profound reality in human nature: the ability of man to adjust himself to circumstance and to live somehow.

Movement is one of the great consolers of human woe; movement, a sense of continual migration, is the history of America. This factor gives Twain's wonderful descriptions of the journey down the Mississippi their haunting overtone. His natural sensibility which is shown nowhere else in his writings and which is indeed vulgarly repressed in them is awakened:

> . . . then we set down on the sandy bottom where the water was about knee-deep and watched the daylight come. Not a sound anywhere—perfectly still—just like the whole world was asleep, only sometimes the bullfrogs a-clattering maybe. The first thing to see, looking away over the water, was a kind of dull line—that was the woods on t'other side—you couldn't make nothing else out; then a pale place in the sky; then more paleness, spreading around; then the river softened up, away off, and wasn't black any more but grey; you could see little dark spots drifting along, ever so far away—trading scows and such things; and long black streaks—rafts; sometimes you could hear a sweep screaking; or jumbled-up voices, it was so still, and sounds come so far; and by-and-by you could see a streak on the water which you know by the look of the streak that there's a snag in the swift current which breaks on it and that makes that streak look that way; and you see the mist curl up off the water, and the east reddens up, and the river, and you make out a log cabin in the edge of the woods, away on the bank t'other side of the river, being a woodyard likely, and piled by them cheats so you can throw a dog through it anywheres. . . .

The subject of *Huckleberry Finn* is the comical but also brutal effect of an anarchic rebellion against civilisation and especially its traditions:

> I reckon I got to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilize me and I can't stand it. I been there before.

Huck isn't interested in "Moses and the Bulrushers" because Huck "don't take no stock of dead people." He garbles European history when he is discussing Kings with Jim, the negro. Whether Huck is the kind of boy who will grow up to build a new civilisation is doubtful; Tom Sawyer obviously would do so because he is imaginative. Huck never imagines anything except fears. Huck is "low-down plain ornery," in trouble because of the way he was brought up with "Pap." He is a natural anarchist and bum. He can live without civilisation, depending on simple affections and workaday loyalties. He is the first of those typical American portraits of the underdog, which have culminated in the "poor white" literature and Charlie Chaplin—an underdog who gets along on horse sense, so to speak. Romanticism, ideas, ideals, are repugnant to Huck.

Mark Twain obliges you to accept the boy as the humorous norm. Without him the violence of the book would be stark reporting of low life. For if this is a great comic book it is also a book of terror and brutality. Think of the scenes: Pap with d.t.'s chasing Huck round the cabin with a knife; Huck sitting up all night with a gun preparing to shoot the old man; Huck's early familiarity with corpses; the pig killing scene; the sight of the frame house (evidently some sort of brothel) floating down the Mississippi with a murdered man in it; the fantastic events at the Southerner's house where two families are shooting each other down in a vendetta; the drunken Boggs who comes into town to pick a quarrel and is eventually coolly shot dead before the eyes of his screaming young daughter by the man he has insulted. The "Duke" and "the King," those cynical rascals whose adventures liven up the second half of the story, are sharpers, twisters and crooks of the lowest kind. Yet a child is relating all this with a child's detachment and with a touch of morbidity. Marvellous as it all is as picaresque episode and as a description of the mess of frontier life, it is strong meat. Sometimes we wonder how Twain's public stomached such illusionless reporting. The sardonic humour and the important fact that in this one book Mark Twain never forced a point nor overwrote—in the Dickens way, for example—are of course the transfiguring and beguiling forces. The corpse and coffin humour is a dry wine which raises his animal spirits. Old Jim not only looked like a dead man after "the King" had painted him blue, but like one "who had been dead a considerable time." Judiciousness is carried to the comic limit.

Is *Huckleberry Finn* one of the great works of picaresque literature? It is, granting the limits of a boy's mind in the hero and the author, a comic masterpiece; but this limitation is important. It is not a book which grows spiritually, if we compare it to *Quixote*, *Dead Souls* or even *Pickwick*; and it is lacking in that civilised quality which you are bound to lose when you throw over civilisation—the quality of pity. One is left with the cruelty of American humour, a cruelty which is softened by the shrewd moralisings of the humorous philosophers—the Josh Billings, the Artemus Wards, the Will Rogers. And once Mark Twain passed this exquisite moment of his maturity, he went to bits in that morass of sentimentality, cynicism, melodrama and vulgarity which have damned him for the adult reader. I advise those who haven't read *Huckleberry Finn* since their school days to read it again.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *Pudd'nhead Wilson*. By Mark Twain. *Chatto*. 4s.

† *Huckleberry Finn*. By Mark Twain. *Chatto and Windus*. 4s.

THE ENEMIES OF CIVILISATION

The Roots of National Socialism. By ROHAN D'O. BUTLER. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Germany Possessed. By H. G. BAYNES. *Cape.* 16s.

It is extraordinary how little people realise in this country, particularly on the Left, what a chasm divides the German mind and German thought from the mind and thought of this country, and, indeed, of western civilisation. It is a very dangerous ignorance, particularly again for the Left. English people, especially if they are liberal-minded, cannot bear to think that other people may be very different from them, especially, oddly enough, if the others are not liberal-minded. It is noteworthy, too, that most of the liberal illusionism about the Germans and the German mentality, which does duty for knowing and thinking about the subject, comes from people who do not know Germany or German history, the German language or German thought. What is their plain duty is that they should get down to studying the question; it is a question of cardinal importance for us, and for the future of civilisation.

German writers themselves make no bones about the chasm separating them from the West, the kernel of European civilisation. Indeed, they have willed it so. From Herder and Fichte onwards there has been among their leading thinkers a gathering momentum of assertion of their difference, denial of western standards. First they denied the rationalism and individualism of the eighteenth century; French classicism and English empiricism. Then Fichte, Adam Müller, List denied the cosmopolitanism, the universalism of Adam Smith and the English economists. They asserted the virtues, the superiority of irrationalism, of collective feeling, *Volksgefühl;* they insisted upon the national state, based upon racial community or affiliation, as the real functioning unit in economic, as indeed in most other, matters. They refuted nineteenth-century aspirations for peace, and asserted the superior virtue of war, without which (*pace* Arndt, Clausewitz, Hegel, even Ranke, let alone Bernhardi, Treitschke, Nietzsche, Spengler, etc.) the world would sink into materialism. They came to pursue dynamism, the worship of success and power, to attain which all means were held valid, so that force and fraud, violence and treachery were erected into the first principles of state. *There* is a difference. Other thinkers and statesmen in other countries have sometimes thought the same things; but it is in Germany that they have been erected into the first principles of state policy. Hitler goes back by a direct line of affiliation to Bismarck and Frederick the Great. It is idle—besides being dangerous and a disservice to their country and to Europe—for liberal illusionists here to deny this: Hitler is quite conscious of it and is proud of it. It is not surprising that contemporary German thought has come in the end to deny, as Mr. Butler says, the virtue of truth itself, the ultimate value of the human personality, two of the fundamental principles upon which civilisation is based. In the Nazis we see a deliberate denial of all principle, a ruthless moral nihilism, enthroned.

But they are only the culmination of the whole tradition. That is what people do not sufficiently understand in this country. The mentality of militant aggression, with the whole complex of doctrines that goes with it, German superiority, decadence of the English, hatred of rationalism and the West, is not merely the dominant tradition of Germany in the past century; it is *the* German tradition *par excellence*. You would have no idea—it comes as a constant surprise to one—of the extent to which practically all German thinkers have been under the influence of the tradition or have contributed to it. An extremely well-educated and discerning friend of mine, who knows German well, has translated from the language, told me that until he read Mr. Butler's book he had no idea of the strength and true character of this tradition of thought with the Germans. The truth is that in one form or another they find it irresistible.

Take even the case of Thomas Mann: he is supposed to be the most eminent living representative of the liberal opposition to Nazidom, a champion of civilisation, of the universal spirit. Yet Mr. Butler tells us that Mann's main political work, the *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen*, argued that "German culture was not merely hostile to western civilisation in that it lay behind the Great War. That culture was in its very being the enemy of that civilisation. And that culture was in the whole tradition of Germany." He was, of course, perfectly right, as against fools over here who know nothing about the subject. But, and this is the point, Thomas Mann placed himself—it was 1917—with German culture against western civilisation. Since the logical fruits of his choice have made themselves clear in Nazi Germany, he has been driven to take refuge in the remotest West; but, though we have had various pompous political pronouncements from him, I do not know that he has seen fit to repent or to disclaim his *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen.*

The fact is that it has not been easy for English readers to acquaint themselves with the body of German thought on politics during the all-important past century, when Germany came to occupy the key position in Europe, so that the German problem became the problem of Europe. We were acquainted with some individual thinkers—Kant, Fichte, Hegel, Treitschke—but not with the amazing force and cohesion of the whole. It is the more remarkable, as Mr. Butler says, "since the dominant German outlook springs from a very bold and imaginative corpus of thought, and one which, almost throughout the course of its growth during the last century and a half, has been intimately interconnected with the politico-social development of the nation."

English readers will have no such excuse in the future. Mr. Butler's book is one of those rare examples of a book which is, if anything, under-estimated in its publisher's blurb of it. It is, indeed, "extraordinary that so few English writers have paid serious attention to the pedigree of National Socialism. Mr. Butler's very able book closes this perilous gap in our political literature." It is a very remarkable book; it does more. Its somewhat too topical title would give one to suppose that it was one more work of political journalism about Germany. But not so; it is an admirable work of academic scholarship, very well-documented and well-written, tracing the whole development over the past 150 years of this dominant German tradition, *the* German tradition in fact. It is to be welcomed as the first book of an author who will be heard of: one of the two or three most promising of our young historians. What is so remarkable in quality is the way this young historian keeps his head: such commonsense and so mature a judgment, animated by an uncommon gift for summing up a complicated train of thought concisely, sometimes brilliantly. A grim humour relieves the deplorable subject. But, indeed, what is one to think of such maniacs of genius as Nietzsche, Hölderlin, Moeller van den Bruck, Hitler; such sombre enemies of civilisation as Spengler, Ludendorff, Bernhardi, Treitschke, Clausewitz; the pretentious pomposities (taken so seriously) of Wagner, Rosenberg, Houston Stuart Chamberlain, Schelling, Schlegel? What are we to think of a nation that has put up with and been so influenced by such criminal outpourings, such dangerous nonsense, such vile traditions of anti-Semitism, inflamed inferiority-complex and *schadenfreude?*

Mr. Baynes's answer is in terms of psychology. He is a doctor and he regards the German people as in a paranoiac condition, possessed by an evil spirit. He has an analysis, based largely upon Dr. Rauschning's evidence and Jung's teachings, of Hitler as medicine-man, and of the function he performs as such. There is a lot of psycho-analytical paraphernalia. One could have gathered so much by the unaided light of commonsense. Mr. Baynes has no very profound knowledge either of politics or history. His book is not an important one, and he could quite well have said what he has to say in an article.

A. L. ROWSE

[This review is a subject for comment in our leading article. ED. *N.S. & N.*]

NEW NOVELS

Far From the Madding War. By LORD BERNERS. *Constable.* 6s.

The Living and the Dead. By PATRICK WHITE. *Routledge.* 7s. 6d.

Narcissa. By RICHMAL CROMPTON. *Macmillan.* 7s. 6d.

No One Now Will Know. By E. M. DELAFIELD. *Macmillan.* 8s. 6d.

Walk Into My Parlour. By MARGARET LANE. *Heinemann.* 9s. 6d.

Hannibal Takes a Hand. By JACK LINDSAY. *Andrew Dakers.* 8s.

Flotsam. By E. M. REMARQUE. *Hutchinson.* 9s. 6d.

Far From the Madding War is a delightful fantasia concerned with the splendours of the most splendid university in its finest hour, an Alice in the Wonderland of Wartime Oxford. The style is of an agreeable formality; there is an abundance of excellent jokes, and for those who have recently enjoyed the hospitality of that so happily neutral city or who knew it in peacetime, the book will be a delightful *divertissement*. But for those who do not know Oxford it will have something of the irritating quality of a private joke made public. The elegant wit which Lord Berners so gracefully displays is also in some measure offset by the theme, which is founded on the obsession of the most unimpressive of French literary schools, of woman as the frustrator and destroyer of man and all his works. Emmeline, sitting in her soundproof room, crying: "Oh, dear, if only one didn't have to think," as she unpicks a unique piece of medieval embroidery, reminds one too well of Gide's Isabelle who frightened the boys by cutting down the tall trees that made the chateau famous, of too many dull dolls whose sinister danger is not credible by the flat, hard light of everyday. The same unconvincing lay figure occupies the centre of *The Living and The Dead*, with an even more catastrophic effect, for Mr. White writes with passionate earnestness which exposes his nonsense dreadfully; one cannot enjoy the book as one can enjoy Lord Berners' for the agreeable surface, because the obsession has destroyed even that. Woman crops up here as the anti-pelican feeding herself upon the life-blood of her children and concentrating her destructive genius on the lives she has created. Mummy is given the hell of a pasting, and her end, after being thrown over by her saxophonist lover for a Maida Vale floozie, is an extremely hearty piece of horror writing that almost succeeds in pulling the book together. Unhappily, there is a further disintegrating factor: Mr. White has the Party Line round his neck and it has choked him; as a pendant to the Demon Woman and her ravaged and enfeebled children there are some proletarians who luxuriate in mother love,

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"In *Between the Acts* Virginia Woolf has integrated plot and vision. There is less speculation, but in its place a perceiving certainty." Elizabeth Bowen in *The New Statesman*.

★ BETWEEN THE ACTS

(7s. 6d.) was completed, but not fully revised by Mrs. Woolf at the time of her death. The scene is an English village, and the action takes place on a single summer's day when the local pageant is produced.

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recommend two books for thinking people.

★ THE COLOUR BAR IN EAST AFRICA by Norman Leys (7s. 6d.)

A book of special interest at the moment, in view of the recent increase in British responsibilities in East Africa. *The Manchester Guardian* said: "Nobody will read his moving pages without concluding that if we are to justify the claims we have made for the British Empire during the war, peace must be followed by some drastic changes."

The Times Literary Supplement concluded: "It is difficult to doubt that his main charge of racial injustice requires an answer." And Charles Roden Buxton wrote of the author in *The New Statesman*: "Dr. Norman Leys is the kind of man who, in the long run, makes things move. From first to last he has preached the destruction of the colour bar with the same persistence as Cato demanded the destruction of Carthage."

★ WHY THE GERMAN REPUBLIC FELL (2s. 6d.)

This is a *Land and Liberty* book, consisting of a number of studies of the causes and consequences of economic inequality. It is edited by A. W. Madsen, and forms a distinctive contribution to the study of the New Social Order which must rise in place of the old when peace is restored.

Hogarth Press Books lead in wartime as in peace.

self-sacrifice, and every virtue. The draftsman hero, whose sober spiritual wealth is contrasted with the emptiness of the bourgeois and with the saxophonist sponger on the bourgeois, goes off and is killed in Spain. . . . This combination of sectarian blinkers with the distorted vision of a neurotic child does not produce a good book. This is sad, for *Happy Valley* gave Mr. White a place among the most promising of young writers. Once again one has reason to deplore that literary fashion should have made it possible for so many writers to occupy themselves with public acts of vengeance for Mummy's cruelty in kicking them out of the nursery and going back to Daddy (or taking up with a handsome stranger).

Narcissa, *No One Now Will Know* and *Walk Into My Parlour* are all examples of story-telling untroubled by any consideration other than that of amusing the reader. It was curious that during the wild period of Left, Right, Religious, of The Month and other book clubs there should not have arisen a Cosy Book Club which would have guaranteed never to have troubled its subscribers with ideas of any kind while passing a certain number of thousand words of print under their eyes. These three books would undoubtedly be highly recommended by the C.B.C. *Narcissa* is written about nothing more than the sound idea that an insanely vain and selfish woman would make a bad mother, wife and friend; *No One Now Will Know* has as its theme the ignorance of grandchildren of their grandparents' affairs of the heart, and *Walk Into My Parlour* manages to describe the rise, decline and fall of a fraudulent medium without conjuring up the skull beneath the skin or any graveyard meditations. All three are slick and competent to a degree, yet the visual images which they bring before the eye are not of things seen by the eye itself, but of the illustrations in a particular type of magazine.

The story of Carthage has at the moment an almost unbearable interest while one waits for the aftermath of what the Reichswehr Operations Staff used to joke about as the Third Punic War, to know what of France will survive the humiliations of defeat and the greater humiliations of freedom under Laval, Darlan, and such creatures as Ybarnegaray, Baudouin, Marcel Déat, and the like. France now is in exactly the same position as Carthage after the battle of Zama. The same class is carrying out the same policy of collaboration with the conqueror, and the conqueror was playing the same cynical game there—jollying the victims along until it was safe to massacre the people and plough the ruins of their great town. Mr. Lindsay's novel is concerned with the early years of the appeasement period that followed the battle of Zama, with the first stages of the final decline, and with its effect on as many types and classes in the community as can be worked into the confined space of a novel. The author goes bull-headed at his problems and archæological restorations and is untroubled by the delicacies and restraints that come with brooding on *The Novel*, and the result should be a disorderly mess. However, the fact that the author is continuously after some idea or other about historical processes and the role of the individual in great events holds it together, so that the book has an intelligible direction. The effect, far from being disorderly, is extremely stimulating and entertaining. That the author's view of Carthaginian history is not one that many people will find acceptable does not matter; Mr. Lindsay attacks the matter from a new angle and compels one to put one's ideas on the subject in order before one can argue about it. The preface contains a short statement about Flaubert's *Salambo* and some remarks about Mago's treatise on farming, which are in themselves enough to set the reader looking up a dozen subjects, from Flaubert's correspondence to C. S. Orwin on certain aspects of the economics of farming. *Hannibal Takes a Hand* is certainly not art but it is very good fun.

Flotsam marks an enormous advance upon *All Quiet On the Western Front*. Remarque as a writer has developed beyond all recognition; calm, intelligent, and without the disagreeable tricks of gabbling and panting that used to make his style so easy to recognise. The story is a nightmarish one of the lives of stateless, paperless refugees in the 'thirties, the farce of the ten-day permits, faked passports, deportation orders, and so on, with which the civilised countries of Europe tormented the victims of Hitler. There has been a spate of refugee literature which has been so far marked by defects rather than virtues, by lack of proportion and emotionalism more than anything else. Purged of the personal tone that made so many books on this subject as disagreeable as sympathy-cadging hard-luck stories, *Flotsam* stands up as a hard and vivid account of one of the most loathsome features of our time, the twentieth-century invention of something worse than slavery—a limbo for living people. The book might seem to deal with a problem that the war has brought to an end, but it is one which the apparent aim of the complete restoration of the European nations will bring back to ugly life. A reconstituted Europe will have a large number of persons repenting of their collaboration with the Nazis who will find it advisable to do so in other places than their native lands. And there is likely to be a westward movement of persons who do not like the social structure of our gallant and effective ally from Roumania, Bulgaria, Hungary, and probably other countries. These people must not be left to depend on unofficial charity, inadequate, improvised machinery and the wandering life, the horrors of which this book so ably demonstrates.

ANTHONY WEST

MR. WINCHELL

Walter Winchell. By ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY. *Chapman and Hall.* 5s.

Mr. Winchell, like the hook-worm, is in England only a legend. We are dimly aware that he is a gossip-writer, the most feared and possibly the most popular of American journalists. Written for the public that knows him, this brave, well-written book by Mr. McKelway needs rather more quotations for the benefit of us soft and ignorant islanders. But it is fascinating and cautionary.

On the wireless as well as in a hundred and sixty-six daily newspapers Mr. Winchell oozes a perpetual pus:

> He continues to print gossip about the marital relations of people who have not applied for divorce, he does not hesitate to hint at homosexual tendencies in local male residents, and he reports from time to time attempted suicides which otherwise would not be made public. He believes that if a thing is true, or even half true, it is material for his column, no matter how private or personal it may be. He makes one exception to this rule. He claims that he never reports on extra-marital relationships if he knows the marriage is a happy one. This is pointed to with pride by Winchell's greatest admirers as being generous and downright decent.

He is highly popular, because the immense majority who are too obscure to attract his attention enjoy the daily pelting of their more successful compatriots. Mr. Winchell is a disease of democracy.

Mr. McKelway suggests an explanation of this curious career. Mr. Winchell was the sensitive child of poverty-stricken and unhappily married Jewish immigrants. He left school at thirteen, and for twelve years earned a precarious livelihood singing and dancing in music-halls. To-day he earns some £40,000

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a year by exploiting his old grudge against life. He seems aware that his writing proceeds from a part of his personality beyond the control of his consciousness :

> Lately he has been known to write in honest agony when the painful consequences of one of his own items are pointed out to him. To a small degree he literally suffers with those he wounds. His attitude on this curious state of affairs seems to be based on the belief that the appearance of such items in his column is as inexorable as fate. "What could I do?" he will say passionately. "It was a good item, wasn't it?"

Like the majority of such neurotic cases, he turns his destructive impulses not only against society but against himself. He makes copy of his wife and children; nor did her distaste for all publicity prevent him from announcing, more than once and erroneously, that she was pregnant.

At one time he was a close friend of the leading gangsters, one of whom presented him with a motor. But such intimacies proved dangerous—at one time he had to ask for police protection and fled for six weeks from New York. He still always carries firearms. To-day, however, the President calls him "Walter"; a town in New Jersey has named a street after him; and the American Legion has given him a gold medal "in recognition of his contribution to Americanism."

This book shows statistically that Mr. Winchell's claim to be accurate is unfounded. But to the foreign reader it is not the truthfulness of Mr. Winchell's column that matters, it is its existence. For all I know it may have usefully exposed some abuses—certainly it is commendably anti-Nazi. I suspect also that a proportion of Mr. Winchell's subjects positively enjoy the publicity he gives them. Better a bad name than no name at all! In England women of position, in no need of money, will gladly proclaim themselves users of some commodity they would never dream of using—merely for the pleasure of seeing their photographs in the advertisement columns. But the evil of Winchellism is not confined to the comparatively small circle of its direct victims. At first sight this sort of gossip-column may appear the modern equivalent of the old Puritan discipline, a reassertion of the public right to castigate private sin. But in fact Winchellism encourages wickedness, for the man in the street, fed with tales however untrue about the vices of the eminent, feels less scrupulous because of their example. Winchellism is only the aggravation of a disease that has long been endemic in the United States; and one effect has been to discourage decent persons from entering public life. A second effect is to make cynicism almost universal, and thus to destroy the basis of society. A nation infected with Winchellism is in acute danger of becoming Fascist. A few years ago it seemed possible that the government of the most powerful nation in the world would pass into the hands of professional murderers. In the nick of time, however, the Federal Government managed to break the gangsters' power. Winchellism is more insidious and hardly less lethal. The death of Mr. Winchell himself would not be any great help. The only cure, I presume, is to strengthen the American law of libel.

This, fortunately, is none of our business. The value to us of this book is the warning implicit in its pages. The unfairness of our libel laws keeps publishers, editors, and writers of all sorts in perpetual anxiety. It enables unscrupulous persons to blackmail newspapers, and any one of a thousand Mr. Thomas Joneses can threaten with prosecution any novelist who invents a not wholly admirable character called Tom Jones. But how light a burden is this compared with what Americans endure from Mr. Winchell and his emulators! Already in France I have seen that to have too weak a law of libel is more dangerous than to have, like us, too strong a one. Already in England reporters force themselves into the houses of the bereaved, and their employers talk nonsense about the "right" of the public to know how a widow is supporting her loss. Even our inequitable libel-law could not, I fancy, prevent a gossip-writer following Mr. Winchell's example and announcing the pregnancies and the miscarriages of well-known women. Mr. McKelway's book shows how effectively the freedom of the press can be used to destroy the freedom of the individual.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

BLACK ART STUDIES

Witchcraft. By CHARLES WILLIAMS. *Faber and Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Witchcraft: Its Power in the World To-day. By WILLIAM SEABROOK. *Harrap.* 10s. 6d.

The forces of magic usually get a good press in wartime; week-end astrologers move up from the assessment of marriage relationships to predictions of major military strategy; fortune tellers flourish and lucky mascots flood the market, although so far the mass-produced Original African Ju-Jus—freely advertised in 1917—have hung fire. It is appropriate, then, that these books about witchcraft should be published just now, though neither of the two under review can be particularly related to the war effort. One is a history, and the other a piece of sensational journalism.

When Margaret Murray published "The Witch Cult in Western Europe" in 1921 she exploded a concept which was made up largely of the pious Catholic horror exhibited by the Rev. Montague Summers on one hand, and on the other a degenerate parlour game with ectoplasms, branching off into popular spiritism and gauzy fairies who were the delight of the water-colour illustrator but the despair of the photographer. After Miss Murray's work witches, other than as the historic remnants of the Dianic cult, were popularised by way of whimsy-novels and folklore. But the traditional witch dies hard—as a literary convention there is, of course, no reason why she should die at all—and perhaps after the war it will be necessary once again to dispel the nightmare apparatus of the tall hat, the oven, the Hand of Glory, the broomstick and the cauldron, and to re-emphasise that historically witches were men as well as women, young as well as old, and were not legally burnt alive at all in this country. Both of these studies should help.

Mr. Williams has no use for the Dianic cult whatever, and starts his "Background" with an account of the magic with which the early Christian Church had to contend in the Mediterranean world. Indeed, his work throughout is intended to be an assessment not so much of the machinery of witchcraft as of the relationship of the belief in the witches to the Church itself. He is interested in the metaphysical idea of the Devil, and, ignoring Egypt entirely, proceeds to an account of the great witch trials of the late Middle Ages, and the activities of the Sabbat and the goetic system which these trials revealed. He examines the Malleus Malleficarum, the textbook of the Inquisitors, and discusses the problems of Evil and the credibility of the witnesses. This is all done with scholarship and dignity, from the point of view of the official Church towards a perverse and Satanic opposition.

Mr. Williams properly emphasises the malice of many of the victims and the sincerity and sympathy, in all but the physical sense, of most of the mediaeval judges, and he indicates the historic connection between witchcraft and political opposition. There is a section showing the peculiar treatment of heresy in England, where torture was not legally condoned, but there is little mention and no explanation of the

domestic familiar. The point is stressed that in Spain the Church ceased fairly early to encourage witch-persecution, so that after 1614 witch trials hardly occur, but the obvious reason is not given—that the Inquisition had turned its attention to Protestants instead. The history of lay scepticism, with the increased study of medicine and the incredulity of the eighteenth century philosophers, hardly appears. And there is no examination of the decline of the cult into scattered pockets of white and black magic in country districts. Nor do the soul-sick neurotics of the 'nineties and their descendants so much as get a mention, let alone the witch doctors of Haiti and the Congo.

Mr. Seabrook, however, makes up for the deficiency. His province is witchcraft to-day. He is prepared to accept the manifestations of magic as the true results of tabus acting on the conscious or subconscious fears of the victim, although he is sceptical about long-range magic where the victim is not informed of the malice involved and the effect intended. He examines the processes of the Yogis, and then compares them unfavourably with stockbrokers. He debunks cheerfully in the astral presence where Messrs. Heard and Huxley are reverent pilgrims. It is all highly vivid and cheerful and vulgar. His book lives up to the puffs of his publishers, who assert that it deals with many things that "cannot stay suppressed; the dirty doings of modern witches, white and black; the current sorcerers, incantations, human vampires on the Riviera; panther-men in Africa and Satanists in Paris; Devil worshippers in New York; werewolves in Washington Square." This is certainly more full-blooded escapism than nightingales in Berkeley Square, and the accounts are quite as stimulating in themselves as those of the mediaeval witch-trials—if worse literature.

PENNETHORNE HUGHES

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Now it is necessary to take this work seriously, if only because it is being read by many millions of Americans and many thousands of Britons. The United States are waking up from their isolationist sleep. Mr. Streit's movement is as much a sign of that stirring as is President Roosevelt's policy. To those who seek for a way to save our world it seems at least probable that the United States may soon be the only Western nation with the vitality and the power to save it. To do so their citizens need not

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THE DAILY WORKER

THE ONLY WAY the Editorial Board can give the further proof, required by Mr. Morrison, of its whole-hearted co-operation in our Country's war effort to defeat the Hitler regime, is for the Government to

LIFT THE BAN

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relinquish their opinion of themselves as better than other men; indeed, it is a part of the equipment for world leadership; but they must abandon their feeling of separation and sanctuary in favour of a conviction of human unity.

This means an immense psychological change; something as powerful as a religious conversion. Mr. Streit is admirably fitted to produce such a change, for he believes fanatically in Federal Union as the redemption of democratic mankind. There is a Messianic tone in much of his writings. Since he thought of Federal Union he has felt "comfortably at home with death, knowing it would come when it would come, and could no longer kill the Union, and could help it." "Now is our generation's time to redeem itself. We can do it now, with the help of God we can form the Union of the Free. And once we decide to try our best to do it, no matter what the cost, we can be sure that God will bless our people." These are not disrespectful quotations; revolutions are wrought by fanaticism rather than by reason. And Mr. Streit has plenty of reasons, too; he is ingenious in resourceful argument; but he fails in distinguishing between the form and the spirit. If the American rulers genuinely feel responsibility for the destiny of the nations they will find means to assume it; Federal Union may be the most convenient, but it is not the only path to that end.

To Clarence Streit there is only one path; Federal Union, which is the American constitution with trifling verbal changes, is sheer magic to him; capable by itself of producing every good in society. The case for free trade as increasing prosperity within the union bounds is foolproof. The case for peace is more dubious; the author wriggles away from the unwelcome fact that the Union of the United States did not prevent a bloody inter-state war. The case for democracy is quite empty; it is surely obvious that a government formed from a legislature each of whose representatives was elected by 5 million people (and, moreover, irremovable for a fixed term), would be oligarchic and completely out of reach of public opinion. Here a cross-current runs in Mr. Streit's mind; he has persuaded himself that Federal Union would deprive President Roosevelt of the concentration of powers which he hates; "many forces are working as stealthily and continuously as malignant microbes to centralise total power in the United States in one man's hands." Surely it is as plain as mud that Federal Union, though unstealthy, is the chief microbe; it would certainly enthrone Roosevelt for life as its chief executive with terrific power.

Mr. Streit, of course, is not a democrat, as is proved by his plan for China and the dependent British Empire. China and India, as member of the Union of the Free, would swamp the white delegates either separately or together. So China is courteously to be told that she is unsuitable for membership, and India to be offered an inferior "compromise" status. It is easy to imagine what Chiang Kai-shek and Gandhi would say to that. Clarence Streit, in sober fact, is the very embodiment of the new American imperialism, which so oddly resembles British imperialism of half a century ago. "The United States must go on uniting states," is his slogan; it is the sacred mission of American constitutional enlightenment to annex the British Empire, for a start.

This book is written as an alternation of impassioned argument and desperate appeal, in the American senatorial style.

> Men can hope to beat swords into ploughshares only when the sword is white, and the sword is flaming now. They cannot beat the sword who flee the showering sparks, shrink terror-stricken from the blast, fear for their fingers and their Sunday clothes. This is work for men, cool-headed sinewy men, born and wed to firm stout-hearted women. . . . May the Almighty sustain the men who form the hammer and the anvil, guide the hands that guide the blows, and console the women whose tears, at long last, freeze in the plough the temper of the sword.

It is, of course, impossible to maintain this level for long; but it is often reached. Embarrassment apart, Streit's is the emotion of the prophet praying for a miracle. Our day witnesses many miracles of evil; there is power also in faith in a miracle of good.

Professor Catlin's *One Anglo-American Nation* is a much more persuasive book. He, too, wants to unite the English-speaking parts of the British Empire with the United States in a realm he calls "Anglosaxony." But he admits the difficulty of Britain's geographical position, and suggests that she should also be a member of a Western European federation, to include France. Germany is apparently to be left in control of Mittel-Europa; and Professor Catlin will have no trokings with Russia. The various groups are to be englobed in the League of Nations. The author is baffled by that side of the British Empire which is neither Anglo-Saxon nor parliamentary, India and the non-self-governing colonies, and he airily assumes that "noble" China will regulate Japan. On the whole, the conception is weakest in relation to the problems of power and war: Will Germany, with Central Europe at her back, become content and non-aggressive? It is hardly enough to argue that the White democracies command a preponderance of power, wealth and raw materials; the fact remains that splitting the world into vast regional blocks is likely to provoke block wars. Professor Catlin, however, faces the dangerous alternatives honestly, and states his own preference with a moderation which contributes usefully to the Federal discussion

FREDA WHITE

Four Plays: DOLL'S HOUSE, GHOSTS, THE WILD DUCK, THE MASTER BUILDER. By HENRIK IBSEN. *Nelson.* 2s.

In an admirable introduction to this convenient edition Mr. Desmond MacCarthy shows how Ibsen won his reputation as a reformer. But "his real subject matter was something deeper and more permanent—the soul." Consummate technical skill such as Ibsen possessed would not, any more than discussion of such a topical subject as women's rights, keep his plays alive. He remains for the greatest of modern dramatists by reason of his intense and poetical imagination. Mr. MacCarthy further emphasises the topical force of Ibsen's insistence that private happiness is more important than the fanatical devotion to any ideal, "However rightly we condemn the morals of Nazism, there is no denying that what we are combating is the most gigantic upheaval of idealism that has ever jeopardised the natural happiness of mankind." With some justice the publishers declare that this volume contains Ibsen's four most famous plays. But they are not his best. *A Doll's House* is Sardou plus feminism and *Ghosts* won its celebrity largely to the scandal once caused by its subject. One may regret that instead of these we have not be given *The Lady from the Sea* and either *Rosmersholm* or *Hedda Gabler*. But these, together with *Little Eyolf* and *John Gabriel Borkman* would make a second volume, if this one has the success it deserves. *The Wild Duck* and *The Master Builder* are supreme masterpieces. Chehov is the only dramatist Europe has produced since the seventeenth century who can be compared in stature with Ibsen, and Chehov must be considered to have achieved less than Ibsen, if only because his plays are so much less numerous. Mr. MacCarthy quotes from a letter of Ibsen's: "Everything I have written has the closest connection with what I have lived through, even though it has not been my own experience." It is, he suggests, from his own dreaming and solitary self that his plays derive their intensity. "There was always a close connection between the theme he chose and the adventures of his own soul. His characters are not merely observed, they are also known through their kinship to motives he had discovered in himself."

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NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
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Horizon, July. 1s.

The Editor—when shall we enjoy the pleasure of his return to literary criticism?—discusses possibilities of an English renaissance, and hopes for an alliance between religious and humanist forces, as in Spain; he argues persuasively, too, in favour of Regionalism. The only poem in this number is a long ballad by Dylan Thomas, which has many of the faults, but also some of early energy, of that erratic and gifted poet. The thoughtful essay by R. Ironside on Proust is the first of a series of revaluations. Hugh Kingsmill is admirably trenchant about Barrie; Catherine Andrassy analyses sympathetically Koestler's *Darkness at Noon*; Mass-observers have been busy on our reactions to Russia; William Sansom, an A.F.S. man, gives an extremely graphic picture of a building collapsing upon him.

Week-end Competitions

No. 600

Set by Raymond Mortimer

Competitors are invited to spend Bank Holiday trying to make clerihews on the names of places as successfully as they have made them on the names of persons. The usual prizes are offered for a set of three. Any number may be sent in.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, August 11th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 597

Set by Brian Hill

We offer the usual prizes for the best reaction by either Bertie Wooster, Jeeves or a member of the Drone's Club, to the recent behaviour of their creator. In their own words, of course.

Report by Brian Hill

Suggested reactions were many and varied, ranging from Ethne Williams's Drone who proposed to drop a bomb on the Adlon on his next flight over Berlin to a spirited attack by William Bliss on certain writers who have publicly aired their views on their colleague. Some competitors made Jeeves and Bertie round on their creator and, Cassandra-like, prophesy doom. In several entries Jeeves actually expressed a long-standing distrust of P. G. W.

This was neatly compressed by R. A. A. Robertson: "Well, Sir, I recollect that Mr. Wodehouse was always a trifle uncertain about his choice of ties, if I may say so, Sir."

"I have always considered, Sir," said Jeeves in a longer entry by Aircraftman Towes, "that a gentleman who maintains himself by the vulgar practice of retailing to the British, and even to the American, public those intimacies that pass between a gentleman and a gentleman's gentleman is, if I may say so, Sir, no gentleman."

Most parodies, however, were more charitable and advised a suspension of judgment. Of the ingenious suggestions put forward to explain P. G. W.'s lapse, the best came from Jane Wraith—that Himmler had taken a correspondence course from Bertie's Aunt Agatha before inviting Wodehouse to the mike.

Jenifer Wayne's Bertie began promisingly: ". . . Well, as I was saying, I was just guiding the blinkers down one of those frightful slabs of print they cast with such abandon on to the pages of the *Times* . . ." But the level was not maintained. L. Joyce, who also chose Wooster, was well in character: "The nub or crux of the matter is this business of the two shirts—and washing them. I mean to say, dash it, a chappie can't wash shirts."

John Fay also merits quoting: "One day the old horse was at the top of Parnassus, ready to go the full 15 rounds with Hemingway, Aldous Hux and all the rest of the literary Johnnies. Then we heard the old boy's fruity squeak echoing down the radio, and next day—woomph . . ."

It will be inferred that good parodies were plentiful. Few competitors, however, suggested what, in the judge's opinion, would be the most likely reaction by a character to such ominous news of the author of his being. That is the expression of a realisation of personal danger. A threat against your very existence blots out the detached view.

So first prize goes to "X" for an entry which softens this grim foreboding with a pleasing touch of Bertie's idiotic optimism. L. V. Upward takes second prize for a more ironic version of a similar reaction.

FIRST PRIZE

JEEVES AND THE A.O.O.B.

Jeeves shimmered in with the morning cuppa, and was about to ooze out again, when I heaved up the old arm to the Stop signal.

"Sir?" said Jeeves.

"Pay attention, Jeeves," I said. "What is all this I hear about the Author of Our Being? Young Widgeon of the Drones Club is putting it about that the A.O.O.B. aforesaid is a worm, a tick and a woodlouse, not to mention a sucked orange, a flat tyre and a wet smack. In short, little better than a rank outsider."

"Yes, Sir."

"What do you mean, 'Yes, Sir'?"

"I mean, Sir, that there is an appreciable basis for young Mr. Widgeon's derogatory epithets. It appears that Mr.—er—the A.O.O.B., Sir, is living in luxurious ease in the enemy's capital, in consideration of his broadcasting to the United States."

"Broadcasting? What?"

"Well, among other things, Sir, our obituary notices."

"I say, Jeeves, if true, not quite the ration card, what?"

"Not at all, Sir."

"In fact, it's highly—what's the word?"

"Disquieting, Sir."

"Exactly, disquieting. Can't we do something about it? Slough off the old So-and-So? Dissociate ourselves and whatnot?"

"I fear not, Sir. The situation is complicated by the fact that our existence is merely subjective. Without Him, Sir, we should dissolve and, like this insubstantial pageant faded, leave not a rack behind. At the moment, Sir, there is nothing to be done."

"Come, come, Jeeves, this isn't like you. Pull up the old socks. Have another stab at it!"

"I shall certainly give the problem my further attention, Sir, but I fear the chances of ultimate success are slender. Will there be anything more, Sir?" And Jeeves floated off into the wings.

Well, that was a facer; but a second's thought gave altitude to the old chin. Does Jeeves ever let up on a man or fall down on a dilemma? He does not. When it comes to finding a way, Love has nothing on Jeeves. I had a comfortable what's it that in the next chapter, the A.O.O.B. would get what was coming to him. "X"

SECOND PRIZE

In times of stress the contents of the old lemon, I find, are apt to flicker at the edges a bit. That is why, when Bunjie ffolliott-Greene told me about P. G., I decanted more than a modicum of nimbleness into the number nines, struck the home trail and rang for Jeeves.

"Jeeves," I said as soon as he manifested himself, "you may not have grasped the fact, but the bouillon is seething about our ankles, and if something isn't done pronto it'll be neck-high eftsoons."

"I imagine, Sir," said Jeeves, "you are referring to that unfortunate little lapse on the part of Mr. Wodehouse."

Well, of course, I might have known. Trying to give Jeeves a spot of information is about as useful as offering a snake a pair of spats. The man knows everything. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I goggled at him.

"If," I said, "you are already on to the curves of the situation, say on. What are we to do when the many-headed start in on us with the stuffed eel-skin?"

"The contingency is remote, Sir."

"What!" I yelled. "They'll be trying to sling the pair of us out of literature on to our ears, and you know it!"

"I think not, Sir. If I might hazard an opinion, I fancy the turmoil will assume no greater proportions than a storm in a tea-cup."

He shimmered out and left me to wrestle with this new idea alone. And what it all boils down to, as far as I can make out, is this: If Jeeves and I and sundry other lads of the riper sort are *not* going to be for it, it implies that we and P. G. don't amount to much. But, dash it, one has one's pride; so whichever way it goes, I mean—what!

L. V. UPWARD

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

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16th July, 1941.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By URBANUS

JAPAN, MR. CHURCHILL AND THE MARKET—HEDGES AGAINST DEFLATION—SAMUEL WILLIAMS—ELECTRICITY SHARES

ALL sections of the Stock Exchange appear to have been cheered by the economic action against Japan and by the Prime Minister's defence of his production drive. Events will prove the wisdom of this optimism—in both cases. As regards the first, the companies which will have second thoughts to offer will be the Shell Transport, British American Tobacco and Dunlop. The American subsidiary of Royal Dutch-Shell, it may be added, has been busily supplying the Japanese with oil, as all the other oil companies in California have done. As regards the other case, the second thoughts of the Stock Exchange will be turned inevitably towards inflation. Following upon the uninspired White Paper on the Government's wages policy, Mr. Bevin's remarks in the debate upon wages will not be read so cheerfully in the gilt-edged market. The White Paper, according to Mr. Bevin, said that "if prices jumped right up one could not close the doors to adjustments of wages." That is, indeed, the cause of all the worry. Mr. Bevin is unrepentant about his Manchester speech in which he told workers that he did not mind what they earned on payment by results as long as it was represented by production. That, he said, represented the Government's policy. That there should be two prices for production—one an economic price and the other an inflated price—did not apparently matter. It is just too bad for the gilt-edged market—and for the rest of the community outside the workers!

The Stock Exchange cannot translate its fears about inflation into tangible buying of equities, for there are no equities, under the conditions of Excess Profits Tax and price control, which offer a project hedge against inflation. But I observe a persistent tendency to buy gold shares (from South Africa), and depreciated bonds which offer the chance of capital appreciation. Among the latter I would mention Mexican and Brazilian utilities, which are not everyone's fancy. (Even Russian bonds are being bought by the sentimental or the insane.) Of course, there are certain equities which have a special attraction for the speculators—such as Mexican and Canadian Eagle—and I have found one property share which surmounts the bombing objection attaching to most property shares. This is Samuel Williams which owns real estate in the Thames estuary (the land sold to the Ford Motor Company belonged to it) on which extensive wharves have been developed. In addition to the job of running real estate which cannot be blown away, this company carries on the business of wharfingers, lightermen, coal merchants, dredging contractors, and so on. It has £50,000 in preference shares and £450,000 in ordinary shares on which it earned 21.8 per cent. in 1938-39 and 17.5 per cent. in 1939-40 (year ends in March). For the year to March 1941 it is paying dividends of 17½ per cent. and at the current price of 50s. 6d. the shares return a yield of nearly 7 per cent. The trouble is that the market in the shares is small. Investors will have to wait to pick them up. Perhaps, if there is an invasion, the shares will be on offer in the marker, but not for long.

* * *

I have called attention on a former occasion to the depreciated public utility equity shares, but a correspondent reminds me that there are still some electricity shares which are standing at comparatively high prices, for example:

	High Price 1939–40	Present Price	Dividend %	Dividend Yield
Clyde Valley ..	38/9	37/–	8	£4 5 6
Midland Counties	39/6	37/6	8	4 4 0
Yorkshire ..	39/9	39/–	8	4 1 6

I would agree with my correspondent that there is a case for selling Clyde Valley and Yorkshire, particularly as the earnings of Yorkshire include profits derived from the constructional work of its subsidiary. These shares could hardly rise during the war and may conceivably have a fall. I would therefore repeat my recommendation that any investor attracted to the electricity supply shares should buy the depreciated ones like London Associated or County of London.

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Company Meeting

BRITISH GLUES & CHEMICALS, LIMITED

THE Twenty-first Ordinary General Meeting of the Company was held on Thursday, July 24th, in London.

In the course of his address the Chairman, T. Walton, Esq., F.C.A., said, *inter alia*:

The accounts for the year ended April 30th, 1941, show our profit to have been £101,819 3s. 4d. Adding the £32,753 0s. 4d. brought forward from last year there becomes available for disposal, apart from £168,500 free reserves, £134,572 3s. 8d.

The fixed dividend on our Preference Stock for the half-year ended October 31st, 1940, was paid on January 31st, 1941; and the Directors recommend that there be paid on the 31st instant a further half-year's fixed dividend on the Preference Stock plus 1 per cent. for the year ended April 30th, 1941, in respect of participating rights, and a 10 per cent. dividend on our Ordinary Stock in respect of that year.

We co-operate with the Army authorities, Government controlled slaughter-houses and with the Controller of Salvage in the salvage of bones and waste materials; because of imperative national need for exertion of every effort to maintain production of greases, glues, feeding meals and bone fertilisers—all essential in time of war—it is incumbent upon me to give all publicity I can to the necessity for increased co-operation of the community in salvage of household bones during meat rationing in this country in order to save shipping space by reducing importation of bones.

It is a source of satisfaction that so much of our production has directly or indirectly supplied national needs and that we have been and are able to help many Government Departments; and we continue to cultivate such of our overseas markets as are still open to us.

The efficiency of our machinery and plant has been kept up; and we have taken the precaution of decentralising our stocks as much as may be.

The report and accounts were adopted.

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